SCOTISH POEMS,
REPRINTED
FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

THE TALES OF THE PRIESTS OF PEBLIS.
THE PALICE OF HONOUR.
SQUIRE MELDRUM.
EIGHT INTERLUDES, BY DAVID LINDSAY.

PHILOTUS, A COMEDY.
GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, A METRICAL ROMANCE.
BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, 1508.

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

COLLECTED BY JOHN PINKERTON,
F.S.A. PERTH, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE AT COPENHAGEN, AND OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT DRONTHEIM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.
M, DCC, XCIT.
## CONTENTS.

**VOLUME II.**

LINDSAY'S EIGHT INTERLUDES, OR HIS PLAY.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. The Auld Man and his Wife</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Humanitie and Sensualitie</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The Puir Man and the Pardonar</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. The Sermon of Folly</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood, mislead King</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. The Three Vices overcome Truth and Chastity</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. The Parliament of Correction</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. The Punishment of the Vices</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additions from the printed Play</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ERRATUM.

Vol. II. page line 201, 11, for Sym read Syn.

The other errata of this volume are given at the end of it.
EIGHT INTERLUDES

BY

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Copied from the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library,
Edinburgh.
1788.

VOL. II.
INTERLUDE I.

THE AULD MAN AND HIS WIFE
PERSONS

Nuntius, or the Messenger.
The Cotter.
Fynlaw of the fute band.
The Fuill.
The Auld Man.
Bessy his wife.
The Courteour.
The Merchant.
The Clerk.
HEIR BEGYNIS THE PROCLAMATIONOUN OF THE PLAY, MAID BE DAVID LYNSAY OF THE MONTH KNIGHT, IN THE PLAYFEILD, IN THE MONETH OF THE YEIR OF GOD 155 YEIRIS.

PROLOGUE.

NUNTIUS:

Rich famous pepill, ye fall undirfand
How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilent,
Is schortly for to cum into this land;
And purposis to hald ane Parliament
(His thre Estaitis thairto hes done consent)
In Cowpar toun, into thair best array
With support of the Lord Omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him, that rowlis all abone,
That day fall be within ane litill space.
Our purpose is on the SEVINT day of June,
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be fene intill oure playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of SEVIN.
Off thristines that day I pray yow ceiss,
Bot ordane us gude drink against awevin:

Faill nocht to be upon the Castell hill,
Befyd the place quhair we purposis to play;
With gude stark wyne you: flaconis see ye fill,
And hald yourfelf the myrreaft that ye may.
Be not displeisit, quhat evir we sing or say;
Amang sad mater howbeid we sumtyme relyie.
We fall begin at sevin houris of the day:
So ye keip tryist, forfuth we fall nocht felyie.

SCENE I.

COTTER, NUNTIUS.

COTTER.

I fall be thair, with Goddis Grace,
Thocht thair ware nevir fo grit ane prefe;
And foremost in the fair.
And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,
With my Gospel John e Williamsoun,
Thocht all the nolt sowld rair.
I haif ane quick Divill to my Wyfe,
That haldis me evir in sturt and sryse;
That warlo, and sche wist
That I wald cum to this gud toun,
Sche wald call me fals ladrone loun,
And ding me in the dust.
We men that hes sic wickit wyvis
In grit langour we leid our lyvis,
Ay dreisland in dileis.
Ye Preistis hes gret prerogatyvis,
That may depairt ay fra your wyvis,
And cheifs thame that ye pleis!
Wald God I had that liberty,
That I might pairt, as weill as ye,
AND HIS WIFE.

Without the coustly law!
Nor I be stickit with a knyfe,
For to wad ony nder wyfe
That day fawld nevir daw.

NUNTIUS.

War thy wyfe deid I see thow wald be sane.

COTTER.

Ye, that I wald, sweit Sir, be Sanct Fillane.

NUNTIUS.

Wald thow nocht mary fre hand ane nder wyfe?

COTTER.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe!
Quha evir did marie agane, the seind mot fang thame
Bot, as the Preistis dois, ay ftryk in amang thame.

NUNTIUS.

Than thow mon keip thy chestety, as effeiris.

COTTER.

I fall leif chest as Abbottis, Monkis, and Freiris.
Maister, quhairto sowld I myself miskary,
Quhan I, as Preistis, may fwyve, and nevir marie?

[Exit Nuntius.

B 4 SCENE
THE AULD MAN
SCENE II.
COTTER, WIFE.

WIFE.

Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone lown?
Doyntand, and drinkand, in the toun?
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

COTTER.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky Dame.

WIFE.

Quhy hes thow taryit heir fa lang?

COTTER.

I might not thrift ow throw the thrang,
Till that yone mon the play preclamit.

WIFE.

Trowis thow that day, fals Cairle defamit?
To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

COTTER.

Ye; that I will, Deme, gif I may.

WIFE.

Na, I fall cum thairto sickerly;
And thow salt byd at hame, and keip the ky.
AND HIS WIFE.

COTTER.

Fair lucky Dame, that war grit fchame,
Gif I that day fowld byid at hame.
Byid ye at hame; for cum ye heir,
Ye will mak all the toun affer.
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink,
Beyd yow nane may stand for stink.
Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,
That I may cum and see the play.

WIFE.

Fals Cairle, be God that fall thow nocht,
And all thy crackis fall be deir cost.
Swyth Cairle speid the hame speidaly
Incontinent; and milk the ky,
And muk the Byre, er I cum hame.

COTTER.

All fall be done, fair lucky Dame,
I am fa dry, Dame, or I gae,
I mon ga drink ane penny, or twae.

WIFE.

The Divill a drew fall cum in thy throte,
Speid hame, or I fall paik thy cote.
And to begin, fals Cairle, tak thair ane plate.

COTTER.

The feind reffaif the handis that gaif me that!
I beseik yow for Goddis faik, luckily Dame,
Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame;
Than fall I put me evin into your wil'.

WIFE.
THE AULD MAN

WYFE.
Or evir I styn, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

[Heir fall the Wyfe ding the Carle, and be fall cry Goddis mercy.

COTTER.
Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis,
The quhilk ar maryit with sic unhappy wyvis!

WYFE.
I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

COTTER.
Gif thay be war, ga thow and they togidder,
I pray God nor the seind ressaiif the sidder.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.
FYNLAW. The Fule.

FYNLAW of the Fute band.
Now mary heir is ane fellone rowt!
Speik, Schyr, quhat gait may I get owt?
I rew that I come heir.
My name, Schyr, wald ye undirstand,
Thay call me FINDLAW of the Fute band:
A nobill man of weir.
Thair is na fyiity in this land
Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand;
Se fit ane brand I beir.

Noch
Nocht lang sencyne, besyed ane fik,
Upoun the sonny fyd of ane dyk,
I flew with my richt hand
Ane thowfand, ye and ane thowfand to,
My fingaris yit ar bledy lo!
And nanet durft me ganeftand.
Wit ye it dos me mekill ill,
That can nocht get fechtng my fill,
Noudir in peace, nor weir.
Will ne man, for thair ladyis fakis,
With me flyk twenty markit ftraikis,
With halbart, fword, or speir?
Qhew Inglifmen come into this land,
Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,
Withowttyn ony help,
Bot myne allane, on Pynky Craiggis,
I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,
And laid on skelp for skelp.
Sen nanet will fecht, I think it best,
To ly doun heir and tak me rest:
Than will I think nane ill.
I pray the Great God of his Grace
To fend us weir, and nevir peace,
That I may fecht my fill.

[Heir sall be ly doun.

THE FULE.

My Lord, be him that ware the Crown of thorne,
A mair Cowart was nevir fen God was borne.
He loves himself, and other men he lakkis,
I ken him weill for all his boifts and Crakks.
Howbeid he now be lyk ane Captane cled,
At Pynky Clewcb he was the first that fled.
I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid,
This crakk and Carle to sley with ane scheipheid.

SCENE IV.

The Auld Man, Bessy his wife, Courteour,
Merchant, Clerk, Fuil, Fynlaw.

[Here fall the Auld Man cum in leidand his Wyfe in ane
dance.

AULD MAN.

Bessy, my hairt, I mon ly doun and sleip,
And in myne arme see quyetly throw keip.

* * * * * * * * * *

BESSY.

My gud husband * * * *
I pray God send yow grit honor and eifs.

[Here fall be * * * *

* * * * * * *

sleip, and sibe fall sitt bessyd him.

† Some passages in these interludes vye with the Lystrata of
Aristophanes in obscenity, and we have been obliged to castrate
David Lindsay.
Luftly Lady, I pray yow heartfully,
Gif me licence to beir yow company.
Ye fie I am ane cumly courteour,
Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

Marchand.
My fair Maitres, sweitar than the lammer,
Gif me licence to luge into your chammer.
I am the richest Marchand in this town:
Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude, and goun.

Clerk.
I yow beseik, my lusty lady bricht,
To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht.
And of your gouwan lat me schut the lokki,
And of fyne gold ye fall resliaif ane box.

Fule.
Fair Damesell, how pleis ye me?
I haif na mair geir nor ye fie.
Swa lang as this may steir, or stand,
It fall be ay at your command.
Na it is the best yat ever ye saw.

Bessy-
Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
The Auld Man

Was nevir wyfe fa straitly rokkit.

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame; that Brybor

Bessy.

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,
To stell the key fra under his heid.

Fule

That fall I do, withowttin dowt,
Lat se gif I can get it owte.
Lo heir the key! do quhat ye will.

Bessy.

Na than lat us ga play our fill.

[Heir fall they go to sum quiet place.

Scene V.

Fynlaw, Clerk.

Fynlaw of the Futeband.

Will nane with me in France go to the weiris,
Quhair I am Captane of ane hundreth speiris?
I am sa hardy, sturdy, strang, and stout,
That owt of hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk.
AND HIS WIFE. 15

CLERK.

Gif thow be gude, or evill, I cannot tell,
Thay ar not fonfy that so dois rufe thame fell.
At Pyncky Clerweb, I knew richt woundir weill,
Thow gat na Creddence for to beir a Creill.
Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boist,
The Commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loist.
Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peice war best.
I pray to God till send us piece and res,
On that condition, that thow, and all thy Fallowis,
War be the Craiggis heich hangit on the Gallowis.
Quha of this weir hes bene the foundament,
I pray to the grit God omnipotent,
That all the warld, and mae, mot on thame wounder,
Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

FYNLAW.

Domine Doctor, quhair will ye preich to morne?
We will haif weir and all the warld had sworne.
Want we weir heir, I will ga pass in France,
Quhair I will get ane Lordly governance.

CLERK.

Sa quhat ye will, I think fewre peice is best,
Quha wald haif weir God send thame little res!
Adew Crakkar, I will na langer tary;
I trest to see the in ane firy fary.
I trest to God to see the, and thy Fallowis,
Within few days hingand in Cowpar Gallowis.

[Exit.

FYNLAW.
THE AULD MAN

FYNDLAW.

Now art thou gane, the dum Divill be thy Gyd!
Yone Brybour was fa fleit, he durst not byd.
Be woundis and passionis had he spokkin mare ane word,
I sowld haif hackat his heid af with my sword.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

AULD MAN, BESSY, FULL.

[Heir fall the Gudman walkin, and cry for Bessy.

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
My wyfe is fallin on fleip I trow;
Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing,
My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?
Is thair na man that saw my Bess,
I trow sche be gone to the mells.
Bessy, my hairt, heiris thou not me?
My joy cry peip! quhair evir thou be.
Allace for evir now am I fey,
* * * * * * * * *

Sche may call me in infasane Iok
* * * * *

BESSY.

Quhat now; Gudman? quhat wald ye haif?

AULD MAN.

No thing, my hairt, bot yow I craif.
Ye haif bene doand sum busy wark.

BESSY.
AND HIS WYFE.

Bessy.
My hairt evin fiewand yow aine fark,
Of Holland claith, baith quhyt and tewch.
Lat pruve gif it be wyid anewch.

[Heir fall febe put the Sark over his heid; and the Fuil
fall stell in the key agane.]

Auldman.
It is richt verrry weill, my hairt,
O me, Lady, lat us nevir depairt.
Ye ar the fairest of all the flok,
Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

Bessy.
Ye reve, Gudman, be Goddis breid,
I saw yow lay it undir your heid.

Auldman.
Be my gude faith, Bess, that is trew,
That I fespecfit yow fair I rew.
I trew thair be na man in Fyffe,
That evir had fa gude ane wyfe,
My awin sweit hairt I had it best,
That we fit down, and tak us rest.

SCENE VII.

Fynlaw, Fuil.

Fynlaw.
Now is nocht this aine grit dispyte,
That nane with me will fecht, or flyte?
THE AULD MAN,
War Golias into this steid,
I dowt nocht to sryk off his heid.
This is the sword that flew Gray Steily,
Nocht half a myle beyond Kynneill.
I was that nobill Campioun,
That sryw Schyr Bewas of Sowth-hamtoun.
Hector of Troy, Gawyne, or Golias,
Had nevir half sa mekill hardines.

[Heir fall the Fueil cum in with ane scheip heid on ane staff, and Fynlaw fall be fleit.

Now, now, braid Benedicite!
Quhat ficht is yone, Schyrs, that I see.
In nomine Patris et Filii,
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy.
Na, faith it is the spreit of Marling,
Or sum schein gait or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir! how fall I gyd me?
God sen I had ane hoill till hyd me!
But dowt my deid yone man hes sworne,
I trow yone be grit Gow mak Morne.
He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway
Tak all my geir, and lat me gay!
Quhat say ye, Sir, wald ye haif my swerd?
Ye mary fall ye, at the first word.
My gluvis of plaite, and knaspskaw to;
Yowr preffonar I yeild me, lo.
Tak thair my purfs, my belt, and knyse
For Goddis faik, maister, save my lyfe.
Na now he cumis for to fla me;
For Gods saik Sirs now keip him fre me!

I see
I see nocht ellis bot tak and flae,
Now mak me rowme and lat me gae. [Exeunt].

**Nuntius.**

As for this day I haif na mair to say yow:
On Witson day cum see our play I prey yow.
That samyne day is the sevint day of June,
Thairsoir get up richt airly and disjuine.
And ye Ladyis, that hes na skant of ledder,
Or ye cum thair faill nocht to teme your bledder.
I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
That sum of yow fall mak ane richt wait fark.
INTERLUDE II.

HUMANITIE and SENSUALITIE.
Persons.

King Humanity, or Human Nature.
Nuntius or the Messenger.
Wantones
Placebo
Sollace
Lady Sensualitie.
Hatmlines
Danger
Frind Jonat
Gude Counsal.

In Act II. or rather a little Interlude.

Chastitie.
Sowtar.
Tailour,
Their Wives.
Jenny the Tailour's dochter.
Diligence.
HEIR began his Schyr David Lindsay's play; made in the Groenefyd besid Edinburgh: quhilk I writtin bot shortly be Interludis, levand the grave mater tharof, becaus the samyne abuse is weill reformit in Scotland, prayfit be God. Quhartbrow I omittit that principal mater, and writtin only seftane merry Interludis tharof, verry plesand, begynning at the first part of the play.

PROLOGUE.

NUNTIIUS.

The Fader, foundar of faith, and felicitie, That your faffone formit to his similitude, And his sone your Saviour, scheild in necessitie, That bocht yow frome bailis, ransonit on the rude, Repleging his priffonaris with his pretious blude; The Haly Gaist, governour and grandar of Grace, Of wysdom and weilfaire baith fountane and flude; Save yow all that I se feisit in this place! And scheild yow from syn; And with his spreit yow enspyre, Till I haif schawin my defyre. Sylence Soverains, I requeyre, For now I begyn.

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy. Heir am I sent to yow, ane meddengeir From ane nobill and richt redowttit Roy, The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir.

C 4  HUMANITIE, &c. 23
HUMANITIE AND HUMANITIE gif ye his name wald speir:
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane triumphant awfull ordinance;
With crown, and sword, and sceptour, in his hand,
Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris,
Howbeid that he hes bene brocht upoun thair beiris.
Thocht yung Oppressouris, at the gleeris leiris,
Be now weill four of reformatioun.
Se no misdoaris be so bawld,
As to remane into this hawld.
For quhy, be him that Judas sawld,
Thay will be heich hangit.
Faithfull folk now may sing.
For quhy it is the bidding,
Of my Soverane the King,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhile now in his flowris
Be governit be trumpowris;
And sumtyme to live paramouris
Haid him excusyt.
For quhen he meitis with Correctionoun,
With Verety, and Discretionoun,
Thay will be baneift of the toun
Quhilk hes him abusyt.
And heir be oppen proclamatioun
I warne, in name of his magnificence,
The Thre Estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
SENSUALITIE.

And first I warne the SPIRITUALITIE;
And see the BURGIS spair nocht for expence,
Bot speid thame heir with TEMPORALITIE.

Als I bespeik yow, famous auditoris
Convenit into this congregatioun,
To be patient, the space of certane houris,
Till ye haif hard owr schort narratioun.
And als we mak yow supplication.
Thai no man tak our wordis in disdane,
Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun
The COMMOUN WEILL richt peteously complane.

Richt so the virteous Lady VERTYE
Will mak an peteous lamentatioun;
And for the trewth fshe will imprissonit be,
And banifeit a tyme owt of the toun.
And CHESTETY will mak hir narratioun,
How fshe can get na luging in this land,
Till that the hevinly kincht CORRECTION
Meit with our king, and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent Pepill, I pray yow all,
Tak no man greif in speciall;
For we fall speik in generall
For pastyme and for play.
Thairsoir till that our rymes be rung,
And our miflonit songs be sung,
Lat every man keip weill his tung,
And every woman tway.

SCENE
O Lord of Lordis, and King of Kingis all,
Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall:
Unmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
Maid hevin, erth, fyre, air, and watter cleir;
Send me the grace, with peice perpetuall,
Sen thow hes gevin me dominationun,
And rewill of pepill subject to my ceur.
Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and resloun,
In dignitie I may nocht lang endeur.
I grant my stait myself may noucht asseur,
Nor yit conserve my lyfe in sickernes:
Haif pety, Lord, of me thy creator
Supportand me in all my buffines!
I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
Me till defend from deidis of defame;
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird, baith fra fyn and schame.
I knew my dayis indeuris but a drame:
Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort
Till gif me Grace till use my diadame
To thy pleasour, and to my grit confort!
SCENE II.

King Humanitie, Wantones, Placebo.

*7

Heir fall the King * pafs to Royall fait, and fit with ane grave countenance, till Wantones cum.

Wantones.

My Soverane Lord, and Prince but peir,
Quhat garris yow mak sa dreiry cheir?
Be glaid sa lang as ye ar heir,
And pafs tyme with plesour.
For als lang leivis the mirry man,
As the sory, for ocht he can.
His banis bitterly fall I ban
That dois yow displeisour.
Sa lang as your Grace hes us in ceure,
Your prudence fall want na pleseur.
War Sollace heir, I yow assere
He wald rejois this rowt.

Placebo.

Gude bruder, quhair is Sollace,
The Mirrour of all mirrenes?
I haif mervill, be the mes,
He tarryis sa lang.
Byd he away, we ar bot schent.
I ferly how he fra us went.
I trow he hes impediment
That lattis him to gang.

* That is Humanitie, or Human Nature.
I left Sollace, that idil loun,
Drinkand doun into the toun.
It will coift him half ane crowne,
Thocht he had na mair.
And als he said he wald gang see
Fair Lady Sensualitie,
The beriall of bewtie,
And portratour preclair.

\textbf{Placebo.}

Be God I se him at the laff,
As he war cheffit rynnand faff,
He glowris evin as he war agaft,
Or fleid for ane gait.
Na, he is drunkin I trow,
I perfaive him weill fow,
I ken be his creifhy mow
He hes bene at ane feift.

\textbf{Scene III.}

The former persons. Sollace.

Sollace.

Now quha sa evir sic ane thrang?
Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang.
Had I help I wald sing ane fang
With ane mirry noyis.

I haif
SENSUALITIE.

I haif fie plefour at my ha'rt,
That garris me sing the trubill pairt;
Wald sum gude fallow fill the qua'rt,
That wald my ha'rt rejoyis.
Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
Thankit be God I am weill hippit,
Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit
Intill ane penny purse.
Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,
My purches is nocht worth ane prene:
I may sing Peblis on the Grene,
For ocht that I may turfs.
Quhat is my name, can ye nocht gess?
Ken ye nocht SANDY SOLLACE;
Thay callit my mider bony Bess
That duelt betuene the Bowis.
Off twelf yeir awld sche leird to swyve.
Thankit be the Grit God of lyve,
Sche maid me faderis four or fyve.
But dowt this is na mowis.
Quhen ane wes deid I gat ane uder,
Wes nevir man had fa gud ane moder,
For sche hes maid me freindis ane sudder,
Off lawit and leirit.
Sche is baith wyis, worthy, and wicht,
For sche spairis nowdir cuik now knicht:
e four and twenty upoun ane nicht
Thair ene sche bleirit.
And gif I ley, schyrs ye ma speir.
Bat saw ye nocht the KING cum heir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that yung King.
He said he wald, within schort space,
To pass his tyme cum to this place.
I pray to God to gif him grace
And lang to ring!

Placebo.

Sollace, quhy tareit thow fo lang?

Sollace.
The feind a faster I midst gang.
I midst not thrift owt throw the thrang,
Off wyvis fyftene fuder.
Than for to ryn I tuik an rink:
Bot I felt-nevir sic ane stink.
For our Lordis luve gif me ane drink.
Placebo my Bruder.

[Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King.

My servand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.
I wait nocht, Schyr, be sweit sant Mary.
I haif bene in ane fery fary,
Or ellis intill ane trans.
Schyr, I haif sene, I yow affer,
The farest erdly creature,
That evir weis formit be nateur
And moist till advance.
To luik on hir is grit delyte,
With lippis reid, and checkis quhyte.
I wald gif all this warld quyte
To stond in hir grace.
Sche is wantone, and sche is wyis;
And cled upoun the new gyis.
It wald gar all your flesche arryis
To luik on hir face.
Wer I ane king it fowld be kend,
I fowld not fpair on hir to fpend.
And this fame nicht for hir till fpend
For my plesour.
Quhat raik of your prosperetie,
Gif ye want Sensualitie?
I wald not gif ane flane fle
For your trefour.

KING.

Forsuth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyis
Till counsfale me to brek commandiment,
Directit be the Prince of paradyis.
Considering ye knaw that myne entent
Is for till be to God obedient;
Quha dois forbid men to be licherous.
Do I nocht fo perchance I fall repent.
Thairfoir I think your counsfale odius,
The quhilk ye gif me till.
Becaus I haif bene, to this dae,
Tanquam tabula rasa;
Quhilk is als mekle for till fae
Rady for gud and ill.

WAN.
HUMANITIE AND WANTONES.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow
Or from your vertew for till wyle yow?
Or with evill counsale for till fyle yow.
Bot, into gude and evill,
To tak your gratis pairt we grant,
In all your deids participant,
So ye be nocht ane ouir yung fant,
And syne ane awld Divill.

Beleif ye, Schyr, that lichery be syn?
Na trow nocht that: this is my reasone quhy.
First at the Romane court will ye begyn,
Qhilk is the lemand lamp of Lichery:
Qhair Cardinallis and Byschoppis generaly
To luve Ladyis thay think ane plesand sport,
And owt of Rome hes bancist CHESTETY,
Quha with our Prellatis can get sa ressort.
Schyr, quhill ye get ane prudent quene,
I think your majesty serene
Suld haif ane lusty concubene,
To play yow with all.
For I ken be your qualitie
Ye want the gift of Cheuletie,
Pall to in nomine Domini,
For this is my counfall.

PLACEBO.

Schyr, send furth SANDY SOLACE,
Or ellis your mynyeoun WANTONNESS,
And pray my Lady Pryores
The suth till declair.
Gif it be syn to tak ane eaty,
Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.
The buik says, Schyr, omne probate,
And nocht for to spair.

SOLLACE.
I speik Schyr undir protestation,
That none at me haif indignation,
For all the prellatis of this natiou,
For the maift pairt,
Thay think no schame to keip ane heuir.
And sum hes thre undir thair cuier.
How this bene trow, I yow affeur,
Ye fall wit eftirwart.
Schyr, knew yow all the mater thruch
To play ye wald begun:
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,
Gif lichery be syn.

SCENE IV.
SENSUALITIE, Hamelines, Danger, Jonat.

Heir fall entir Dame SENSUALITIE, with her Madynis
Hamelines and Denger.

SENSUALITIE.
O Lovaris walk, behald the syrie speir!
Behald the natural dochter of Venus!
Behald, Luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorous.
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delittius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodious
Thair fall thay find all pastyme & plesance.
Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre;
Behald my hals lussum, and lilly quhyte;
Behald my visage, flammand as the syre;
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luck on me Luvaris hes gret dellyte;
Richt so hes all the kingsis of Chriftiadome,
To thaim I haif done plefouris inffynte;
And specialy unto the Court of Rome.
Ane kifs of me war worth in ane morwining
Ane mylyeoun of fyn gold to Knicht or King;
And yit I am of nateur fo towart,
I latt no Luvaris pafs with sorry hairt.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forsuth thay call me Sensualitye.
I hald it best now, or we furder gang,
To Dame Venus latt us go fing ane fang.

HAMELINES.

Madame, but tayrring
For to serve Venus deir,
We fall pafs in ane ring.
Cum on sister DANGEIR.
DANGER.

Sifter, I was nevir sveir
to Venus' observance.
Howbeid I mak dangeir,
yit be continowance
Men may haif thair plesance.
Thairfoir lat na man fray:
We will tak it perchance
Howbeid that we say nay.

HAMELYNES.

Sifter, cnm on our way,
And lat us not think lang,
In all the haift we may,
To sing Venus ane fang.

DANGER.

Sifter, to sing this fang we mannot,
Without the help of gud frind Jonnet.
Frind Jonet how! cum tak a pairt.

FRIND JONNAT.

That fall I do with all my hairt.
Sifter, howbeid that I am hefs,
I am content to beir ane befs.
Ye twa fowld luf me as your lyif.
Ye knaw I leird yow baith to swyif:
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair.
Sensyne the feind a man I spair.

D2 Ha-
Frind Jonat, fy! yow ar to blame.
To speik sowill wordis think ye na schame?

Frind Jonat.

Thair is ane hunder heir fittand by
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
But quha begynnis the fang lat sie. [Exeunt.

Scene V.

King, Wantonnes, Solace, Placebo.

Wantonnes.

I trpw, Sir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Sensualitie.
Gif it be sche, sone fall I see,
That soverane serene.

[Heir fall Wantonnes ga sly thame, and cum agane
to the King.

King.

Quhat war thay youe to me declar.

Wantonnes.

Dame Sensualitie baith gude & fair.

Pla.
SENSUALITIE.

PLACEBO.

Schir, sche is mekill till advance,
For sche can baith sing and dance,
That patrone of plesance,
The perle of pulchritude.
Soft as silk is hir lyre;
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre.
My hait birnys in ane fyre,
Schir, be the rude.
I think that fre sa woundir fair,
I wait weill sche has na compair.
War ye weill lernit at luvis lair
And syne had hir fene,
I wate, be cokkis paffioun,
Ye wald mak supplicatioun;
And spend on hir ane milyeoun
Her luve till obtene.

SOLLACE.

Quhat say ye, Sir, ar ye content
That sche cum heir incontinent?
Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
And all your gret treslour,
Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyse;
And caft assyd all sturt and stryse?
And so lang as ye want ane wyse,
Schyr, tak your plefour.
Gif it be true that ye me tell,
I will na langer tary;
I will gang preif that play mysel,
Howbeid the warld me wary.
Als faft as ye may cary
Speid yow with diligence,
Bring Sensualitie
Fra hand to my presence.
Forfuth I wait not how it standis,
Bot sen I heird of your tythandis,
My body trymblis feit and handis,
And sumtyme hot as fyre.
I trow Cupido, with his dart,
Hes woundit me owt thruche the hart.
My spreit will fra my body part,
Get I nocht my defyre.
Pafs on away with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my presence;
Spair nocht for travell nor expence;
I cair for na coift.
Pafs your way, Wantonness,
And tak with yow Sollace,
And bring that lady to this place,
Or ellis I am loist.
Commend me to that sweit thing,
And hir present this riche ring;
And say I ly in languissin,
Bot sche mak remeid.

With
WANTONNES.

Or ye tuik scath, he Goddis croun,
I leir thair war not up and doun,
* * * in all this town,
Nor ten mylis about.
Dowt not, Sir, bot ye will get hir.
We sal be sery for to set hir,
Bot we wald speid far the better
To gar our purs rowt.

SOLLACE.

Schyr, lat na forrow in yow sink,
Bot giff us ducattis for to drink,
And we fall nevir fleip a wink
Till it be bak or age.
Ye knaw well, Schyr, we haif na cunyie.

KING.

SOLLACE, that fall be na lunyie:
Beir thow that bag upoun thy lunyie,
And win well thy wage.
I pray yow speid yow sone agane.
Ye of this sang, Schyr, we ar fane,
We fall nowdir spair for wind na rane,
Till our day wark be done.
Fair weill, for we ar at the shicht.
Placebo rewill our Roy at richt;
We fall be heir, man, or midnight
Thocht we merche with the mone.

[Heir fall thay depairt sangand mirrelly.]

SCENE VI.

WANTONNES, SENSUALITIE, SOLACE.

WANTONNES.
Paftyme with plefour, and grit prosperitie,
Be to yow, soverane SENSUALITIE !

SENSUALITIE.
Syrs, ye ar welcum, quhair go ye, eift or west?

WANTONNES.
In faith I traw we be at the farrest.

SENSUALITIE.
Quhat is your name? I pray yow, that declair.

WANTONNES.
Mary, WANTONNES, the King's secretair.
Sensualitie.

Quhat king is that quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

Wantonnes.

Humanitie, that richt redowtit Roy,
Quha does commend him to yow hairtsfully;
And sendis yow heir ane ring with ane ruby,
In takin that, abuse all creatour,
He hes choisin yow to be his paramour.
He bad us say that he will be bot deid,
Without that ye mak heftilly remeid.

Sensualitie.

Quhat can I help howbeid he sowld forfair,
Ye ken richt weil I am na medcynnar.

Sollace.

Yis lusty lady, thocht he war nevir so seik,
Ane kifs of yow, into ane morroweing,
Till his soikness micht be grit conforting,
And als he makcis yow supplicatioun
This nicht with him to mak collatioun.

Sensualitie.

I thank his Grace of his benivolence.
Gude Syrs, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
In me thair fall be fund na negligence,
Both nicht and day quhen his Grace will demand.
HUMANITIE AND

Pas ye befoir, and say I am cummand,
And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht.
And I to Venus makis ane saythfull band,
That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

That fall be done, bot yit or I hine pafs,
Heir I protest for HAMELINES your las.

SENSUALITIE.

Sche fall be at cumand, Schyr, quhen ye will.
I treft sche fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

WANTONNES.

Hay for joy! now I dance!
Tak thair ane gawmond of France!
Am I not wirdy till avance
And ane gud page?
That fa speidely can rin,
To tyift my maifter to fin.
The diuill ane groit he will win
Off this marrage.
I rew be sweit Santt Michaell,
Nor I had previt hir myself
For quhy yone king, be Brydis Bell,
Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.
It war almoufs to pull my eir,
That wald not preive yone gayis geir.
Fy that I am fa
I think
I think this day to win thank.
Hay as ane brydlit catt I brank!
I haif wreislit my schank,
Be Santt Michaell.
Qwhilk of my leggis as ye trow
Was it that I hurt now?
Qhahirto sowld I speir at yow?
Me think thame baith hail.

SCENE VII.

KING, WANTONNES.

Gude morrow, maister, be the mess.

KING.

Wylcum, my Mynyeoun WANTONNESS.
How hes thow fairin in thy travell?

WANTONNES.

Richt weill, be him that herreit hell.
Your cirand is weill done.

KING.

Than, WANTONNES, full weill is me,
For thow hes faird beth meit and fee,
Be him that maid the mone.
Thair is an thing that I wald speir,
How fall I do quhen sche commis heir,
For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir
Off luvis gyn.
Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir
How to begyn.

**WANTONNES.**

Kifs hir, and clap hir, and be nocht affeird
Sche will nocht hurt, thocht ye hir kifs ** *
And gif ye se sche thinkis schame, than hyd the Bairnies ene,
** * * * * ye wat qubat I mene.
Will ye gif me leif, Sir, first till go to?
And I fall ken you the kewis how ye fall do.

**KING.**

God forbid, **WANTONNES,** that I gif you leif.
Thow art ovir perellows ane pege sic practikkis to preif.

**WANTONNES.**

Now, Sir, preve as ye pleifs; I see hir cummand.
Osdour you with gravety, and we fall be yow stand.

**SCENE**
Heir fall Sensualitie cum to the King and say,

O Venus, Goddes! unto thy cellitude
I gif lawid, gloir, honour, and reverence,
Qwhilk grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
That princes of my persone hes plefance.
I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
Richt reverently thy tempill to viife
With sacrifice unto the Deitie.
To every flait I am so agreable,
That few or nane refuifs me at all.
Pailpis, patriarkis, nor prellattis venerable,
Commoun pepill, nor princis temporall,
Bot subject all to me Dame Sensuall.
So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,
And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis.
Quha knawis the contrair?
I treft few in this cumpany,
Wald thai declair the verety,
Unthrald to Sensuality,
Bot with me makis repair.
Bot now my way I mon advance
Till ane prince of puiflance,

Qwhilk
HUMANITIE AND

Quhilk yung men bes in governance,
Rowand in his rage.
I am richt glaid, I yow affeur,
That potent prince to get in cœuir,
Quha is of lustines the luir,
And moist of curage.

[Heir fall sche mak reverence, and say,
O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair!
God CUPIDO preserve your celsitude!
And Dame VENUS mot your cors fra care,
As I wald sche did keip my awin haitr blude!

KING.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude;
Wylcum, to me thow sweittar nor the lammar;
Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude.
SOLLACE, convey this lady to my chalmer.

[Heir fall sche pes to the chalmer and say,
I ga this gait with richt gude will;
Schyr WANTONNES, tary ye stil;
Lat HAMELINES the cop fill,
And beir yow cumpany.

HAMELINES.

That fall I do, withowtyyn dowt,
For he and I fall play cop owt.

WANTONNES.

Now, Lady, len me thy batty towt,
Fill in, for I am dry.

Your
SENSUALITIE.

Your Dame be this trewly
Hes gottin upon the goums.
Quhat raick thocht ye and I
To jone our justing lumes?

HAMELINES.

I am content with richt gud will;
Quhenevir ye ar reddy.
All your plefour to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now weill said be our Leddy.
I will beir my maistir cumpany
Till that I may endeur;
Gise he be wiskand wantonly,
We fall fling on the fleuir.

[Heir fall they pass all to the chalmer; and
Gude Counsale fall say.

SCENE IX.

Gude Counsale.

Immortall God, moist of magnificence!
Quhois Majesty no clerk can comprehend,
Saif yow my senyeours, that givis sic awdience;
And grant yow grace nevir till him offend,
Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,

And
And shed his precious blude on every syde:
Quhous pretious passioun from friends you defend,
And be your gracious governour and gyd.
Confidder my soverains I yow befeik,
The causz moyst princeal of my heir cumming
Princis, nor Potestattis, ar noot worth a leik,
Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governing.
Thair was nevir empiour, conquerour, or king,
Without my wisdome micht availl their weill to awance.
My name is Gude Cunsale withoutt sencieng:
Lordis for lack of my law ar brocht till mischance.
And so for conclusioun
Quho gydis thame not be Gud Cunsale,
All in vane is thair travell;
And fyndally fortoun fall thaim faill;
And bring thame to confusioun.
And this I understand
For I haif maid residence
With princis of puissance,
In England, Italy, and France,
And mony uther land.
Bot owt of Scotland, Allace!
I haif bene beneift lang space.
That gart ouir gydars want grace,
And dy lang or thair day.
Becaufs thay lichlyit Gude Counsale,
Fortoun turnyit on thame hir faill,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill bale.
Quaha can the contrair say?

My
SENSUALITIE.

My Lordis we cum not heir to lye.
Wayis me for King HUMANITIE,
Ouirfett with SENSUALITIE
In his fyrfst beginning;
Thruche vicious Counsale insolent.
So thai may get riches or rent,
Of his weillfair thay tak na tent,
Nor quhat fall be the ending.
Yit in this realme I wald mak sum repair,
Gif I belevit my name sowld not forfair;
For wald this king be yit gyddit with reffoun,
And of misdoaris mak puniffoun,
Howbeid that I lang tyme hes bene exylit,
I treft in God my name sowld yit be stylit.
So till I see God send mair of his grace,
I purpoifs till repoifs me in this place.

Heir I omit the nixt mater following, because it is
written heirefure in the leif quhair FLATTERY
enterris *. Now enterris Dame CHESTETIE.

* Beginning of Interlude V.
ACT II*

SCENE I.

CHESTETIE, SOUTAR, TAILOUR.

Heir fall Dame CHESTETIE passes and seek lying abought all the Spirituall Estait, and Temporall Estait, quhill sche cum to the Sowtitar, and Teilyeour, and say:

CHESTETIE.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,
Gif me hurbry for Chrystis pyne,
And win God’s bennystone and myne,
And help my hungry haift.

SOWTAR.

Welcum be him that made the mone
Till dwell with us till it be June,
We fall mend baith your hoifs and schone,
And planely tak your pairt.

* This is more properly another interlude, did not the MS. express at the end of it, that it belongs to this.
SENSUALITIE.

TAILYFOUR.

Is this fair Ledy Chestety?
Now welcum be the trinitie!
I think it war a grit pitie
That ye sowld be thairowt.
Your grit displeasour we forthink.
Sit doun, Madame, and tak a drink;
And lat na sorrow in yow sink;
Bot lat us play cop oun.

SOWTTAR.

Fill in and drink about,
For I am wounder dry.
The devill snyp off thair snowt,
That hateis this cumpany.

[Heir fall thay gar Chestete fit doun and drink.

SCENE II.

JENNY, TAILOUR'S WIFE, SOUTAR'S WIFE.

JENNY.
Myuny, how! Mynny, Mynny!

TAILYEOURIS WYE.
Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter JENNY?
JENNY my joie, quhat dois thy daddy?

JENNY.
Mary, drinkand with a lastly laiddy,
Ane fair yung madin clad in quhyt,
Of quhome my daddy takkis delyte.
I tref, gif I can raken richt,
Sche slaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

Sowttar is Wyfe.
Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman?

Jenny.
Mary fillis the cop, and teimfs the can.
Or ye cum hame be God I trow
He fall be drucken as a fow.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.
This is ane grit dispyt I think,
For to ressaiiff sic ane cowclynek.

Sowttar is Wyfe.
Cummar, this is my counfall lo:
Ding ye the ane, and I the uder.

Ta. Wyfe.
I am content, be Goddiis moder.
To think for me thay hursoun smaikis,
Thay serve richt weill to get their paikis.
Quhat maister feind neidis all this haift?
For it is half a yeir almait
Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir.

Sowttar is Wyfe.
SOWTTARIS WYFE.

God nor my Cruevin meufs a tedder,
For it is mair nor fourty dayis,
Sen evir he cleikit up my clayis.
And last quhen I got chalmer glew,
That fowill Sowttar began to spew.
And now thay will fit doun to drink
In cumpany with ane yung cowcline.
Gif thay haif done sic dispyte,
Lat us ga ding thame quhill thay dryte.

SCENE III.

The same, TAILOUR, SOUTAR, CHESTITIE.

TAIL. WYFE.

Go hence, Harlot; how durft thow be so bawld
To luge with our gudmen, bot our licence?
I mak ane vow to him that Judas sawld,
This rok of myne fall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, Duddroun, with diligence.

CHAISETETY.

Mary, CHESTETIE is my name by Sant Blayis.

TAIL. WYFE.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengence.
For I luvit never Chestetie all my dayis.
SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Bot my gudman, the trewith I say the till,
Garris me keip Chefitie fair aganis my will.
Because that monflour he hes maid sic ane mynt,
With my bedstaff that daftard beiris ane dynt.
And als I vow cum thow this gait agane,
Thy buttockis fal be beltit, be sant Blane.

TAI. WYFE.

Fals hurfone Cairle, bot dowt thou fall forthink
Thar evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

SOWT. WYFE.

I mak ane vow to Santt Crispynane,
I fall be wrockin on thy graceles gane:
And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

SOWTAR.

The feind resaiff the handis that gaif me that!

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

What now, hurfone, begynnis thow for to ban?
Tak thair ane uddir upoun thy peild harne-pan.
Qhat now, Cummer, will thou not tak a pairt?

TAI. WYFE.

That fall I do, Cummer, be Goddis hairt.

[Heir thay fall ding thair Gudmen.]
SEN S U A L I T I E. 55

TAILYEOUR.

Allace, goffop, allace! how standis it with yow?
Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
Now weilis yow, priestis, weilis yow, in all your lyvis,
That ar nocht waddit with fie wicket wyvis.

SOWTTAR.

Bischopis ar blift, howbeit that we be wareit,
* * * * * * * and nocht be mareit.
Goslop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit fie pure men as we to mary.
Quhat may be done bot tak in patience,
And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

SCENE IV.

[Heir fall the wyvis stand be the watersid, and ];

SOWTTARIS WYFE.

Sen of our Cairlis, we haif the victorious,
Quhat is your counfale, Cummar, that be done?

T A. WYFE.

Send for gude wyne, and hald us blyth and mirry:
I hald that best gude Cummar be Santt Clone.

E 4

Sow.
HUMANITIE AND SOW.

SOW. WYFE.

Cummar, will ye draw off my hoifs and schone;
To fill the quart I fall rin to the toun.

TA. WYFE.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
With all my hairt: thairfoir, Cummar, fit doun,
Kilt up your clais abone your waist,
And speid yow hame agane in hait,
And I fall provyd for a paift,
Our corsfis to confort.

SOWT. WYFE.

Than help me for till kilt my clais;
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Santt Blais,
Without I get support.
Cummar, I will notch droun mysell,
I will go be the Castill hill.

TA. WYFE.

I am content, be Bryddis Bell,
Sa ye haist yow go quhair ye will.

[Heir fall they depairt: and DILIGENCE fall say.

SCENE
DILIGENCE, CHASTITIE.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang fa lait?  
Tell me how ye haif done debait  
With the temporall and spirituall stait?  
Quha did ye maist kyndnes?

CHESTETIE.

In faith I fand bot ill and war.  
That gart me stand frome thame afar,  
Even lyk a beggar at the bar,  
And flemit me moir and less.

Finis of this first Interlude; and followis the Peurman  
and the Pardonar.
INTERLUDE III.

THE PUIRMAN AND THE PARDONAR.

Their joy was gone, their glee; their God was sad and bitter, their heart was heavy with grief.
Persons

The Puirman.
Diligence.
The Pardonour.
The Soutar.
The Soutar's Wife.
Wilkin the Pardonar's Boy.
Heir follows certane mirry and sportsum interludis, contenit in the play maid be Schyr David Lindsay of the Month Knight, in the playfieild of Edinburgh, to the mocking of abusounis usit in the Cuntrée be divers sortis of Estait.

SCENE I.
PUIRMAN, DILIGENCE.

Heir fall enter the Peurman.

Off your almons, gude folkis, for Goddis luve of hevin,
For I haif moderles bairnis sex or fevin.
Gif ye will gif na gude, for luve of sweit Jesus,
Wis me the richt way to Santt Andreus.

DILIGENCE sayis.
Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyeoun?
Swyth furth of the seild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen sic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
Fy on yow officiaris that mendis not thir faiyies!
I gif yow all to the Divill baith provost and baillies!
Withowt ye cum sone, and chace this Carle away,
The Divill a word ye get of sport or pny.
Fals haifsone raggit Carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

PEURMAN.
Quhae Devill maid yow a gentillman wald not stow your luggis.

DILIGENCE.
Diligence.

Quhat now? me think this cullroun Carle begynnis to crak.
Swyth Carle away, or be this day I fall brak your bak.

[Heir fall the Carle clyn up and fit in the Kings ily.
Com doun; or, be goddis croun, their loun, I fall play the.

Peurman.

Now fiveir be thy brunt shinnis the Divil ding thame frae the.

Quhat say he be thir court knavis? be thay get haill claiis
Sa fone thay leir to ban, to sweir; and trip on their tails.

Diligence.

Methocht the Carle me callit knave evin in my face,
Be santt Fillane, thow salt be slane, but gif thow ask grace.
Loup; or be the gud Lord thow salt loifs thy heid.

Peurman.

Yit fall I drink, or I ga, thocht thow had sworne my deid.

Diligence.

[Heir be takkis away the leddir.
Loup now, gif thow lift, for thow hes loift the leddir.

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp, and licht in a tedder.

Thow
Thow fál be fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp:
I fall fitt heir into this chyre, till I haif towmit this stoup.

[Heir fall the Carle loup off the caffald.

DILIGENCE.

Swyth, beggir Baggill, haift the away:
Thow art our prete to spill the proces of our play.

PEURMAN.

I will not giff for your play nocht a fulis fart;
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat divill allis the cowrd Carle?

PEURMAN.

Mary, mekill sorrow!
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair divell is thow dyvour, or quhat is thyne content?

PEURMAN.

I dwell into Lowabiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

Quhar wald thow be, Carle, the suth to me schaw?

PEURMAN.

Sir, evin at Sant Andrus, evin to seik law.

DILIGENCE.
To syke law in Edinburgh is the narrest way.

PEURMAN.

Syr, I haif socht law thair this mony a deir day;
Bot I cowld nevir find law at sessioun, or senyie.
Thairfoir the mekill dum divell droun all that menyie!

DILIGENCE.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all circumstance;
How thow hes happnit this unhappy chance.

PEURMAN.

Gud man, will ye gif me of your cheretie?
And I fall declar to yow the blak veretie.
My fadir was an auld man, and ane air;
And was of aige fourscoir yeirs and mare:
And MALD, my mudir, was fourscoir and fyiftene:
And with my labour I did thame baith fuftene.
We had a meir, that careit fait and coill;
And evirilk yeir sache brocht us hame a foill.
We had thre ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydier hyne to the town of Air.
My fader was sa waik of blude and bane
He dyit, quhair foir my moder maid grit mane;
Than sache deit to, within ane olk or two;
And than began my poverty and wo.
Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild,
Our landis laird tuik hir for his here geild.
Our vicar tuik the best kow be the heid,
Incontinent quhen my Fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane uder.
Than Meg, my wyfe, did murne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last sche dyit for very sorrow:
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
The third kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair * * * clais, quhilk was of reploch gray,
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away.
Quhen that was gan I micht mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis part for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
How I am brocht to this miseritie.

**Diligence.**

Quhow did the perfone, was he not thy gud freind?

**Peurman.**

How? the divill stick him! he curst me for my teind;
And haldis me yit undir the same proces,
That gart me want my sacrament at pes.
In gud faith, Syr, thocht ye wald cut my thrott,
I haif na geir, except an Inglis grott:
Quhilk I purpos to gif ane man of law.

**Diligence.**

Thow art the daifti full that evir I saw.
Trowis yow, man, be the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk? na nevir till thow be deid.
Syr, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,  
That our vicarould tak fra me three ky?

**Diligence.**

Thay haif na law, except ane consuetude;  
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

**Peurman.**

Ane conswetude, aganis the commoun weill,  
Sowld be no law, I think be fweit Santt Jeill.  
Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can  
To tak thre ky fra ane peur husband man?

Ane for my fader; and for my wyfe ane uder;  
And the thrid kow he tuke for Meg my moder.

**Diligence.**

It is thair law; all that thay haif in use;  
Thocht it be kow, fow, ganan, gryce, or gufe.

**Peurman.**

Schyr, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.  
Behald sum prellatis of this regioun,  
Manifeshly, during thair lufty lyuis,  
Thay fwyve ladeis, madinis, and menis wyves.

* * * * * * * * * *

Quhiddir say ye that law is evill or gude?

**Diligence.**

Hald thy tongue, man; it semis that thow art mangit.  
Speik thow of preislis but dawt-thow wilt be hangit.
Peurman.

Be him that beure the crewall crown of thorne;
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Diligence.

Be fewr of preistis thow will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the seind refaiff the fort!
So fen I se I get none udir grace,
I will ly doun, and rest me in this place.

Scene II.

The Pardonour.

[Heir fall the Peurman ly aoun in the field: and the Pardonour fall cum in and say:

Devoitt Pepill, gud day I say yow,
Now tarry a little quhill, I pray yow.
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill quhow I am namit?
A nobill man, and undefamit,
And all the suth war schawn.
I am Syr Robert Rome Rakar,
Ane publict perfyte Pardonar,
Admittit be the Paip.

F 2

Schyr.
Schyr, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
My pardonis, and my prevelege,
Quhilk ye fall fe, and graip.
I gif to the Divill, with gud entent,
This wofull wickit New Testment,
With thame that it translattit:
Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis no cheretie,
Without that we debait it.
Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my mervellis men begylis
Be our fair fals flattery;
Ye all tha craftis I can perqueir
Richt weill informit be a freir,
Callit Ypocrasy.
Bot now, allace! owr grit abusioun
Is clerly knawin to our confusioun,
Quhilk I may fair repent:
Oif all creddence now am I quyt,
Ilk man hes me now at dispyte,
That reidis the New Testment.
Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht,
Als I pray to the rude
That Martyneluter, that fals loun
* * * * * * * *
Had bene smored in thair crode.

† Deleted in MS.
Be him that beir the croun of thorne,
I wald Santt Pawle had nevir bene borne;
And als I wald his buikis
War nevir red into the kirk,
Bot amang freirs into the mirk;
Or revin amang the ruikis.

[Heir fall he lay down his waris upoun the burde.

My potent Pardonnis ye may se,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie
Weill seilit with efter schellis.
Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
Ye fall haiff full remiffioun,
With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a rellik, lang and braid,
Of Fynmakowll the richt chaft blade,
With teith, and all togeddir.
Of Collingis kow heir is a horne,
For eitting of MAKAMEILLIS corne
Was flane into Baquhiddcr.
Heir is the cordis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johnnie Armstrong,
Of gud hempt, soft and found:
Gud haly pepill, I fland ford,
Quhavir beis hangit in this cord,
Neidis nevir to be dround.

The culum of St. Bryddis cow;
The grunttil of Santt Antonis low,
Quhilk bure his haly bell;
THE PUIRMAN

Quha evir heiris this bell clink,
Gise me a duccat to the drink,
He fell nevir gang till Hell,
Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
Maisteris, trew ye that this be score?
Cum, win this pardone, cum!
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hait,
I haif power thame to depairt:
Me think yow deif and dum!
Hes nane of yow curst wickett wyvis;
That haldis you intill sturt and stryvis?
Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
Off that cummer I fall mak yow quyt,
Howbeid your self be in the wyte,
And mak an fals narratioun.
Cum wyn the pardone, now lat see.
For meill, for malt, or for money,
For cok, hen, gufe, or gryfs,
Off rellikkis heir I haif a hunder.
Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir:
I trow ye be not wyfs.

SCENE III.

PARDONAR, SOWTTAR, and SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

SOWTTAR.

Welcum hame, ROBIN ROME RAKAR!
Our haly patent Pardonnar,
AND THE PARDONAR.

Gifye haif dispensatioun
To pairt me, and my wickit wyfe,
And me delyvir fra sturt, and stryfe;
I mak yow supplicatioun.

PARDONAR.

I fall the pairt, bot mair demand,
Sa I get money in my hand.
Thairfoir lat se thy cunyie.

SOWTTAR.

I haif na sylvir, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe.
That fall ye haif bot sunyie.

PARDONAR.

Quhat kin a woman is thy wyse?

SOWTTAR.

A quick divill, Syr; a storne of stryfe.
A frog that fylis the wind.
A filland flagg; a flyrie fuff;
At ilka pant sche lattis a puff,
And hes no ho behind.
All the lang day sche me dispittis;
And all the nicht sche flingis and flyttys;
Thus fleip I nevir a wink.
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle divill ma not endeure
Hir stubornes and stink.
Theif, Cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill.
In faith my friendship thou saft fail,
And I the fang.

Sowttar.

Gif I said ocht, Dame, be the rude,
Except ye war bairth fair and gude,
God nor I hang!

Pardoner.

Fair Dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,
To pairt yow twa I haiff a powar.
Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowttar's Wyfe.

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,
Fra that fals huresone to depairt,
Sa that theif will consent.
Causis to pairt I haiff anew,
Because I get na chalmer glew,
I tell you verralie.
I marvell not, so mot I thryve,
Suppoifs that swingeour nevir swyve,
He is bairth cauld and dry.

Pardonnar.

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy parte?
A cuppill of farkis, with all my haire,
The best claith in this land.

To pairt fen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent:
Bot ye mon do cummand.
My decreet and my finall sentence is,
Slip doun thy hoiss, me think the carle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by howbeid fshe kist and flaikkit.

Dame, pas ye to the eift end of the toun:
And pas ye waift, even lyk a cukald loun.
Go hence ye baith, with Baliall' braid blyfing!
Schyris faw yow evir mair sorrowles departing?
Scene IV.

Pardonour, Wilkin.

[Heir fall his Boy Wilkin cry off the hill, and say:
How, Maister, quhair ar ye now?

Pardonar.

I am heir, Wilkin Widdisow.

Wilkin.

Schyr, I haif done your bidding,
For I haif fund a grit hors' bane,
Ane farar saw ye nevir nane,
Upoun theme flesch and midding.
Schyr, ye may gar the wyffis trow,
It is ane bane of Santt Brydis cow,
Gude for the fevir tartane.
Schyr, will ye rewill this rick weill,
All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,
Btwix this and Dumbartane.

Pardonar.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkin.

Sum sayis ye ar a very loun;
Sum sayis legatus natus:
AND THE PARDONAR.

Sum sayis a fals Sarafene;
And sum sayis yow ar for certane
Diabolus incarnatus.
Bot keip ye fra subjactioun
Of that curt King Correction;
For be ye with him fangit,
Becaufs ye are ane Rome Rakar,
Bot dowt ye will be hangit.

PARDONAR.

Quhair fall I luge into the toun?

WILKYN.

With gude kind CHRISTANE ARDERSOUINE,
Quhair ye will be weill treittit.
Gife ony limmir yow demandis,
Sche will defend yow with hir handis,
And womanly debaitt it.
BAWBEURDE sayis, be the Trinitie,
That sche fall beir yow cumpany,
Quhobeid yow byd all yer.

PARDONAR.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder;
Tak thow the ane, and I the uder,
So fall we mak gud cheir.

WELKIN.

I pray yow speid yow heir,
And mak na langer tarye;
THE PUIRMAN

Byd ye lang thair, but weir,
I dreid your weid ye wary.

SCENE V.

PARDONAR, PUIRMAN.

[Heir fall the Begger ryise, and rax him, and say:
Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crack and cry?
I haif bene dronand, and dremand on my ky.
With my richt hand my hale body I fane;
Santt BRYD, Santt BRYD, send me my ky agane!
I fe standand yondar ane haly man,
To mak me help, lat me fe gif ye can.
Haly Maifter, God speid yow, and gud mörne!

PARDONAR.

Welcum to me, thocht thow vor at the horne.
Cum, wyn the pardoun, and then I fall the fane.

PEURMAN.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

PARDONAR.

Cairle, of the ky I haif na thing ado.
Cum, wyn my pardoun; and kifs my rellikkis to.

[Heir fal the PARDONAR sane him with his rellikkis.]
PARDONAR.

Now lowis thy purs, and lay doun thy offrand,
And thow fall haif my pardoun, even fra hand.
With raipis and rellikis I fall the sane agane;
Gravel, nor gut, thow fall nevir haif bot pane.
Now wyn the pardoun, Lymmar, or thow art loft.

PEURMAN.

Now, haly Maifter, quhat fall that pardoun coft?

PARDONAR.

Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag,

PEURMAN.

I haif ane groit heir, bundin in ane rag.

PARDONAR.

Hes thow nane uder silver bot ane grote?

PEURMAN.

Gif, I haif mair, Syr, cum and rype my cote.

PARDONAR.

Gif me that grote, man, sen thow hes na mair.

PEURMAN.

With all my hairt, Maifter; lo, tak it thair.
Now lat me se your pardoun, with your leif.
THE PUIRMAN

PARDONAR.
A thousand yeir! of pardoun I the gife.

PEURMAN.
A thousand yeir I will not leif sa lang.
Delyver me it, Maiister; syne lat me gang.

PARDONAR.
A thousand yeir I lay upoun thyne heid,
With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid.
Thow hes reslawit my pardoun now all reddy.

PEURMAN.
Bot I can se nothing, Schyr, be our Leddy.
Forsuth, Maiister, I trow I be not wyifs,
To pay, or I haif sene my merchandyifs.
That ye haiff gottyn my grote full fair I rew.
Schyr, quhidder is your pardoun blak or blew?
Maiister, sen ye haiff tane fra me my cunyie,
My merchandyfle schaw me withowttyn fenyie,
Or to the Bischop I fall pafs, and planyie,
In St. Andrus, and summond yow to thair fenyie.

PARDONAR.
Quhat cravis thow, Cairle? Me think thow art not wyifs.

PEURMAN.
I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyifs.
I gaif the pardoun for a thowland yeir.

Quhair fall I get that pardoun, let me heir.

Stand still, and I fall tell the all the story.
Quhen thow art deid, and gois to purgatory,
Beand condemnit to pane ane thowsand yeir;
Than fall thy pardoun the relief, but weir.
Now be content, thou art a marvellus man.

Sall I get na thing for my grote till than?

That fall thow not, I mak it to the plane.

Na than, Maister, gif me thy grote agane.
Quhat say ye, Maisters? Call ye this a gude resoun,
That he fuld promise me ane gud pardoun,
And heir ressaif my money in this steid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full seckerly
My filly fawl fall pas to purgatory;
Declair me that, now God nor Baliall bind the,
Quheu I am thair, curst carle, quhair fall I find thie?
THE PUIRMAN

Nocht into hevin, but rader into hell:
Quhan thou art thair, thow can not help thy fell.
Quhen wilt thow cum, my bailis for to beit?
Or I the find my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thow, Bowchour, that I will by blude lammis?
Gif me my grote, the divill dryte on the gammis.

PARDONNAR.

Swyth, stand aback; I trow this man be mangit.
Thow gettis not this grote thocht thow fuld be hangit.

PEURMAN.

Gif me my grote, weill bund unto my clout;
Or be Goddis breid Robene fall beir a rowt.

[Heir fall thay fecht togedder; and the Peurman fall cast
doun the burd; and cast the rellikkis in the water.

INTER.
INTERLUDE IV.

THE SERMON OF FOLLY.
THE SERMON OF FOLLY.


SCENE II.

FOLLY, DILIGENCE.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Brybour is yone, that makkis lie beitis? O FOLY.

The feind ressaif that mowth that speiris!
Gud man ga play yow amang your feiris,
With muk upoun your mow.

DILIGENCE.

Found sute, quhair hes thow bene fo lait?

FOLY.

Mary, cumand doun thurc the bony gait:
Bot thair hes ben ane grit debait
Betwix me, and ane sow.
The sow cryd guff, and I to gay.
Throuch speid of sute I gat away.
Bot in the middys of the cawfway
I fell into ane midding.
She lap upoun me, with a bend.

Quhaevir tha middingis sowlde amend,
God fend thame ane mischevous end,
For that is Goddis bidding.
As I war pudlie thair, God wait;
Bot with my club I maid debait.
I fall nevir cum agane that gait.
Schir, be all hallowis.

I wald the officiaris of the toun,
That suffeirs sic confusioun,
That thay war harberyt with MAHOUN;
Or hangit on the gallowis.
Fy! that sa fair a cuntre
Sowld stand sa lang, but polletic.

That
That has the wyte.
I wald the provost wald tak in heid
Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
Quhilk patt me and the sow at feid.
Quhat man I do bot flyte?

SCENE III.

KING, FOLLY, DILIGENCE.

KING.
Pass on my servand DILIGENCE,
And bring yone sulc to our presence.

DILIGENCE.
It fal be done, bot tareng.
FOLLY thow mon go to the KING.

FOLLY.
The KING? quhat kind a thing is that?
Is yone hee with the goldin hatt?

DILIGENCE.
Yone fame is he: cum on thy way.

FOLLY.
Gif ye be king, God gif yow gud day!
I haff ane plent to mak to yow.

KING.

G 3
King.
Quhome on Foly?

Folly.
Mary of ane fow.
Schyr, she hes sworne that she fall slay me,
Or ellis hyt baith the bagstanis fra me.
Giff ye be King, schyr, be Sanct ANN,
Ye fowld do justice to ilk man,
Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
That fow had dround me in ane dubb.
I hair say thair is cum to the toun
Ane King callit CORRECTION:
I pray yow tell me quhilk is he?

Diligence.
Yone with the wingis: ma thow not se?

Folly.
Now waly saw that weill fard mow!
Schyr, I pray you correct yone saw;
Quhilk with hir teith, but swerd or knyfe,
Had maeft heve reft me of my lyfe.
Gif ye will not make correction,
Than gif me your protection,
Off all swine to be skaithles,
Betwix this toun, and Innernes.
OF F O L L Y.

DILIGENCE.

Hes thow, FOLY, ane wyfe at hame?

FOLLY.

Ye that I have: God fend hir schame!
I trow be this sche is neir deid:
I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid.
To shaw hir seiknes I think grit schame,
Sche hes sic rumbling in hir wame,
That all the nycht hir ha'irt ourcatis
With bokking, and with hinder blaftis.

DILIGENCE.

Paraventure sche be with bairne.

FOLLY.

Allace! I trow sche be forfairne,
Sche sobbit, and sche fell in fouu,
And than thai rowit hir up and doun.
Sche rifit, ruckit, and maid sic stendis,
Sche yeild, and that at baith the endis,
Till sche had castin a cuppill of quarts;
Syne all turnd till a rak of 
Sche blubbirt, bokkit, and braikit still;
Hyr eris gaid evin lyk ane wind mill:
Sche puft and yiskit with sic riftis,
That verry dirt come furth with driftis:
Sic drysmell droggis fra hir sche schot,
Quhill sche maid all the fleur on flot:

G 4
Of hir hurdes sçhe had na hauld,
Quhill sçhe had teimd hir monyfawld.

Diligence.
Better bring hir to the leichis heir.

Folly.
Trittell, trattell! sçhe ma not fheir.
Hir very buttokis makkis sçic heir.
It skairris baith foill andilly.
Sçhe bokkis sçic baggage fra hir breifst,
Thay want na bubblis that sçittis hir neifst,
With ilka quhilly billy.

Diligence.
Reuverit not sçhe at the laft?

Folly.
Ye, bot wat ye weill sçhe fartit faff,
Yit quhen sçhe fichis my haift is fairy.

Diligence.
Will sçhe nocht drink?

Folly.
Ye be Sanct Mary:
A quart at anis it will not tarey,
And leif the divill a drop.
Than sçic flobbage sçhe layis fra hir,
About the wallis God wait sçic wairc.
Quhen all is drunken I get the to shaire
The lykkingis of the cop.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell?

FOLLY.
Mary, I haif soly hattis to fell.

|DILIGENCE.
I pray the fell me ane, or tway.

FOLLY.

Na, tary quhill the markit day,
I will sit doun here be Santt Clune
And gif my babies thair disjone.
Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,
Thow fall be maryit within ane yeir
Upoun ane frier of Tullielum:
Na thow art nowther deif na dum.
Cum heir Stvlti, my sone and air,
My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
Now fall I feid yow as I mae:
Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

DILIGENCE.

Get up, FOLLY, bot tareing,
And speid yow haifstelly to the King.
Get up: me think the Carle is dum.

FOLLY.
THESERMON

FOLLY.

Now bumbalary; bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

I trow the Fouttour lyis in ane transf.
Get up man with a mirry mischanfs,
Or be Sanct Dennyss of Frans
Thow fall want thy wallatt,
Its schame man to fe quhow thow lyis,

FOLLY.

Wa yit agane, now this is thryifs,
The divill worry me, and I ryifs,
Bot I fall brek thy pallat.
* * * * * * *
Hald doun your heid, ye ladroune loun!
Yone fair lass, with the fating goun,
Garris yow thus bek and bend.
Tak thair a neidill for your lace.
Now, for all the hyding of your face,
Had ye it intill a quiet place,
Ye wald not wane to flend.
Thir bony anis, that ar cleid in silk,
Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk.
I wald forbeir baith breid and milk,
To kifs thy bony lippis.
Suppois ye luik, as ye war wreth,
War we at queit behind a claith,

Ye
Ye wald nocht spair to preve my graith
* * * * * *
Be God I ken ye weill annewch;
Ye are sane, thocht ye mak it twich.
Think ye nocht, as into the fewch,
Befyd the quarrell hoillis,
Ye wan fra me baith hoifs and schone,
And gart me mak mowis to the mone,
And ay lap on your cours abone——

Diligence.

Thow mon be dung with poillis.
Swyth, varlot! haift the to the King,
And lat alane thy crailing.
Lo heir is Folly, schyr, all reddy.
A richt sweur swingeir, be our Leddy.

Folly.

Thow art not half so sweur thy fell.
Quhat meinis this pulpit I pray the tell?

Diligence.

Our new bischoppis hes maid a preiching:
Bot thow hard nevir sa plesand teiching.
Yone bischop will preich thruch all the cost.

Folly.

Than ftryk ane hay into the pöst;
For I hard nevir, in all my lyfe,
A bischoppé cum to preiche in Esf.

Gif
Gif bischoppis to be preichours leiris, Wallaway! quhat fall werd of freirs?
And prellatis preiche in bruch and land, Thay will get na mair meill nor malt; So I dreed freiris fall dee forsalt.
The sly freiris, I undirstand, Thay will get na mair meill nor malt; Sen sva is that yone nobill king.
And prellatis preiche in bruch and land, Sen sva is that yone nobill king.
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt; So I dreed freiris fall dee forsalt.
And prellatis preiche in bruch and land.

[Heir fall FOLLY kling up his battis upon the pulpet.]

God sen I had ane doctoris hude!

KING.

Quhy FOLLY: wald thow mak ane preiching?

FOLLY.

Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude, Bot owder flattery, or fleiching.

KING.

Now, bruder, let us heir yone teiching, To pafs our tym, and heir hym raiff.
DILIGENCE.

He war far meitar in the kiching.
Among the pottis, sa Chryft me faiff.
Fond FOLLY, I will be thy clark.
And answer ay with amene.

FOLLY.

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The seind resslave that graceles gane.

[Heir fall FOLLY begin bis Sermoun.

TEXT.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salomone, the moist sapient king,
In Israell quhen he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
"The numbir of fulis ar infinyte;"
I think na schame, sa Chryft me faive,
To be ane fule amang the laive;
Howbeid ane hundreth stansisheirby
Peranter ar as gaukit fulis as I.
I haif of my genalogy,
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, Duckis, Kingis, and Emperouris,
With many gukkit conquerouris,
Quilk dois in soly perseveir;
And hes done so this mony a yeir.
Sum feikis in worldly dignities,

And
And sum in sensuall vaneties:
Quhat vailis all thair vane honouris,
Nocht beand seur to lyve twa houris?
Sum gredy fule dois fill the box;
Ane uder fule cumis, and brekis the lokkis,
And spends that uthir fulis hes spaird,
Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird.
Sum dois as thay sowld nevir dee.
Is not this foly, quhat say ye?

* Sapientia bujus mundi est futilitia apud Deum. *

Becaufs thair is sa mony fulis,
Rydand on horfs, and sum on mulis,
Heir I haiff brocht gud chaffry
Till ony fule that likkis to by.
And specially for the thre staitis:
Quhar I haif mony tendir maitis
Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma fe.
Backwart thruch all the cuntre.
With my cramery gif ye lift mell;
Heir I haif foly hattis to fell.
Quhomfor is this hatt, wald ye ken?
Mary for infaciable merchand men.
Quhen God hes send thamehabundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficeance,
Bot fails into the stormy blaffis
In winter, to get gritrar caflis,
In mony terribil grit torment,
Agains the act of parliament.
OF FOLLY.

Summ tynis their geir, and sum ar drownd;
With this sic merchands fuld be crown.

DILIGENCE.
Quhom to myndis thow to fell that hude?
I trow to sum grit man of gude.

FOLLY.
This hude to fell richt fane I wald
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pass till Hell or Heven;
And hies fair bairnis sex, or seven,
And is of aige fourscoir of yeir;
And takkis a las to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene yeirs of aige,
And bindis with hir in marriage;
Gifand hir trest that sche not wald
Richt heftilly mak him cuckald.
Quha mareis, beand sa neir deid,
Sett on this hatt upoun his heid.

DILIGENCE.
Quhat hude is that, tell me I pray the?

FOLLY.
This is ane haly hude, I say the.
This hude is ordaind, I the asseur,
For spirituall fulis that takkis in cure
The fawlis of grit dioceis,
And regiment of grit abbafleis,

For
For greidynes of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thaimself.
Uder sawillis to saive it, settis thame weill,
Syne sendis thair ane fawl to the Deill.
Quhaever dois so, thus I conclude,
Upoun his heid set on this hude.

DILIGENCE.
FOLLY, is thair ony sic men
Now in the kirk, that thow can, ken?
How fall I ken thame?

FOLLY.
Na keip that clofs:
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscitis co.
And fules speik of the prælacie,
It will be halden herezie.

KING.
Speik on, FOLLY, I gif the leif.

FOLLY.
Than haif I remissioun in my fleif.
Will ye leif me to speik of Kings?

KING.
Ye: hardelly speik of allkin thingis.
OF FOLLY.

Folly.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passioun.

Diligence.

Thow leis! I trow the sule be mangit.

Folly.

Gif I be God nor thow be hangit.
For I haif heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for Duikis, Empriouris, and Kingis;
For princely, and imperiali fulis.
Thay fowld haif luggis als lang as mulis.
The pryd of princis, withowttyn faill,
Garris all the warld rin top our taill.
To wyn thame worldly gloir and gude,
Thay care not schedding Cristill blude.
Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland
Be our awld ennemeis of England?
Had not bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to grit myschance.
Now I heir say the empriour
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
And is movand his ordinance
Against the nobill King of France.
Bot I knaw not his just querrell,
That he hes for to mak battell;

Vol. II.

H All
THESERMON

All the princis of Allmaryie,
Spanyie, Flandeiris, and Italie,
This present yeir ar all on flocht.
Sum will thair wagens find deir bocht:
The paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his army to the seild.
Sant Petir, St. Paule, nor St. Andrew,
Rasit nevir sic ane oisf I trow.
Is this fraternall cheretie?
Or furius foly? quhat say yow?
Thay leird not this at Chryftis feulis,
Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis.
I think it foly, be Goddis modder,
Ik Cristin prince to ding doun nder.
Because that this hatt fowld belong thame,
Ga thow and parte it richt amang thame.
The profesy, withowttyn weir,
Off MARLING beis compleit this yeir:
For my guddame, the GYRECARLING
Leird me this profesie of MARLING,
Quhairof I shall schaw the sentence,
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, fran, resurgent, simul ipsam viribus urgent.
Dani vaftabunt: Vallances bella parabunt:
Sit tibi nomen in a,
Mulier caccavit in olla,
Hoc æpulum comedes.

DILIGENCE.

Mary, that is ane evill farrd mefs!

FOLLY.
OF FOLLY.

FOLLY.
So be this profesy planely it appeiris,
That mortall weir fall be amang the freiris;
That thy fall not weill knaw into thair cloyisteris.
To quhome that thy fall say thair pater nofteris.
Wald thy fall to, and secht with speir and scheild,
The divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild!
Now of my fermoun I haif maid an end:
To GILLY MOYBAND I you recommend.
And als I you befeik richt hairftfully,
Pray for the sawle of gud KAE KAPPETIE,
Quha lately dround himsel in Locleven;
That his sweit sawle may be abois in hevin.

Finis of this Interlude.
INTERLUDE V.

Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood, mislead King Humanity.
Persons.

Flattery.
Falset.
Dissait.
King Humanitie.
Wantones.
Hamelines.
Danger.
Sollace.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, &c. 103

AN UTHIR INTERLUDE.

Heir enteris Flattery, new landit owt of France; and
Stormesfeid at the May.

SCENE I.

Flattery.

Mak rowm, firs! heir that I may rin.
Lo see how I am new com in,
Begareit all in sundry hewis.
Lat be your din, till I begin,
And I fall tell you of my newis.
Throw all realmes Christin I haif past;
And am cum heir now at the laft
Stormesfeid be feiny fen yule day.
That we war fane till hew our maft,
Not half a myle beyond the May.
Bot now amang ye I will remanc;
I purpois nevir till failagane,
To put myself in chance of watter:
Was nevir sene sic wind and rane,
Nor of schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bad haill; sum bad stand by;
On steirburde! how! alluff! fy fy!
Qhill all the raipis began to rattill:
Was nevir wy sa fled as I

Quhen
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

Quhen all the failis plaid brittil brattill.
To se the wawis it was a wounder;
And wound that raif the failis in schunder;
Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
And schot fa faft above and under,
The divill durft not cnm neir my dok.
Now am I chaipit fra that fray.
Quhat say you fyr? am I not gay?
Ken ye not FLATTRY your awin fule?
That yeid to mak this new array.
Was I not heir with yow at yule?
Yis, be my faith, I think on weill.
Quhair ar my fallowis? that wald I seill:
We sowld haif cumin heir for a caft.
How! FALSAT, how!

SCENE II.

FLATTERY, FALSET.

FALSET.

Wa serve the divill!
Quhas that cryis for me fa faft?

FLATTRY.

Quhy, brudir FALSET; knawis thow not me?
I am thy brudir FLATTRE.

FALSAT.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE

FALSAT.

Now welcum, be the Trinitie.
This meiting cumis for gude.
Now lat me braifs the in myne armes;
Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmis,
Quod Johnie that frody fude.
How hapnit thow into this place?

FLATTERY.

Now, be my sawle, but even be cace
I come in sleipand at the port,
Or evir I wift amang this fort.
Quhair is Dissait, that lymmir loun?

FALSAT.

I left him drinkand in the toun:
He will be heir incontinent.

FLATTERY.

Now, be the haly Sacrament,
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt.
I wat Dissait will tak ane pairt;
He is richt crafty, as ye ken,
And counfouller to the merchand men.
Lat us ly still baith heir, and spy,
Gif we persaif him cumand by.

SCENE
SCENE III.

FLATTERIE, FALSET, DISSAIT.

Heir fall DISSAIT entir.

Bongeur, bruder, with all my hairt!
Heir am I cum to take your part
Baith into gude and evill.
I met Gude COUNSALE be the way,
Quha pot me in ane fellowe fraye.
I gife him to the divill.

FALSATT.

How chappit yow, I pray the tell?

DISSAIT.

I slippit in ane fowll bordell,
And hid me in ane howbirdis bed:
Bot suddenly hir schankis I sched,
With hochurhudy amang hir howis:
God wait giff we maid mony mowis.
How cum ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

FALLSETT.

Mary seikand King HUMANITIE.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE. 

Dissait.

Now, be the gud lady that did me beir,
That famyne horfs is my awin meir.
Now till our purpoifs lat us ga.
Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow sa?
Sen we thre seikis yone nobill King,
Lat us devyiss sum subtell thing:
And als I pray yow, as your brudir,
That we be ilk ane trew till udder.
I mak ane vow, with all my hairt,
In evill and gude till tak your pairt;
I pray to God nor I be hangit,
Bot I fall dye or ye be wrangit.

Falsat.

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

Dissait.

Mary this is my counsale, lo.
Till tak owr tyme quhill we may get it,
For now thatair is na man to let it;
Fra tyme the King begin to steir him,
Gude Counsale than I dreid cum neir him,
And be we knawin with Correctioun,
It will be our confusioun.
Thairfor now brether devyiss
To find sum toy of the new gyifs.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

FLATTERY.

Mary, I fall find ane thowfand wylis.
We mon turne our claithis, and change our fyllis,
And disfagyis us that na man ken us.
Hes na man clerkis cleithing to lend us?
And lat us keip grave countenance,
As we war new cummin owt of France.

DISSAIT.

Be my fawle that is well davyisit,
Ye fall se me sone disfagyisit.

FALSET.

So fall I be, man, be the rude.
Now sum gude fallow len me ane hude.

[Heir fall Flattery help his two marrowis.

DISSAIT.

Now am I buskit quha can spie?
The divill stik me gif this be I!
Is this I, or nocht, I can yow not say;
Or hes the feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?

FALSETT.

And war my hair up in ane how,
The feind a man wald ken me now.
Quhat sayis thow of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

I say thow lukis evin lyk a loun.
Now, bruder Flattery, quhat do ye?
Quhat kind a man schaip ye to be?
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

**FLATTERY.**

Now be my faith, my bruder deir,
I will ga counterfeite the freir.

**DISSAIT.**

A freir! quhairto? thow cannot preiche.

**FLATTERY.**

Quhat rak? bot I can flatter and fleiche:
Peraventur cum to that honour
To be the King's Confessour.
Peur freirs ar fre at every fest,
And merchellit ay amang the best.
Als God has lent to thame sic gracies,
That bishoppis puttis thame in their places,
Owt-thruche thair dyeceis to preiche,
Bot farly not howbeid they fleiche;
For schaw thay all the veretie,
Thaill want the bishoppis cheretie.
Yit thocht the corn be nevir fa scant,
Gud wyvis will nevir lat freirs want:
For quhy, thay ar thair confessouris,
Thair prudent hevenly counfallouris.
Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
And schawis the secretis of thair hairtis
To freirs with better will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

**DISSAIT.**

And I rest anis a freiris cowll,
Betwixt St. Johnstoune and Kynnowull.
I fall ga fetche it, gif thou wilt tary.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

FLATTERY.

Now play me that of cumpanary:
Ye saw him nocht this hundreth yeir,
That bettir can cuntirfeit the freir.

DISSAIT.

Heir is thy ganenyng, all and sum:
This is the cowll of Cullielum.

FLATTERY.

Quha hes an porteris to len me?
The feind a fawle I trew will ken me.

FALSET.

Bruder, pass on quhairevir thow will;
Thow may be fallow to freir GILL.
Bot with CORRECTION and we be kend,
I driend we mak a shamefull end.

FLATTERY.

For that mater I driend na thing.
Freiris ar exemit fra the king,
For freirs will reddy entertess get.

FALSAT.

We mon do mair yit, be Santt James;
For we mon chenge all thre our names,
Crístin me, and I fall bapteifs the.

DISSAIT.

Be God and thairabout mot it be.
How will thow call me I pray the tell?
Falsett.
Mary, I wat not how to call myfell.

Dissait.
Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falset.
Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

Dissait.
I neid not now to cair for thrift.
Bot quhat fall be my Godbairne gift?

Falset.
I gif the all the divillis of hell.

Dissait.
Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell.
Now fit doun, lat me baptys the:
Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

Falsat.
I pray the name the bairnis name.

Dissait.
Sapience, Sapience, a goddis name.

Flattrry.
Bruder Dyssait, cum baptys me.

Dissait.
Than fit doun lawly on thy knee.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

FLATTERY.
Now, bruder, name the bairn's name.

DISSAIT.
DEVOTIOUN, in the divill's name.

FLATTERY.
The divill ressaif the ladroune loun!
Thow hes wet all my new schevin croun.

DISSAIT.
DEVOTIOUN, SAPIENCE, and DISCRETIOUN,
We thre may rewill a haill regioun.
We fall find meny crafty thingis
For to begyle ane hundreth kingis.
For thow falt crak; and thow falt clatter:
And I fall fenye: and thow fall flattir.

FLATTERY.
Bot I wald haif, or we depairstit,
A drink to mak us bettir heartit.

DISSAIT.
Weill said, be him that heryit hell:
I was evin thinkand that myself.
[Heir fall thay drink; and the King fall cum forth of his Chalmer, and call for WANTONNES.

Now till we get the kingis presence,
We will fit doun, and keip sylence.
I fe ane yunder, quhatevir he be.
I trow full weill yone same is he,
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald us still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

SCENE IV.

KING, WANTONES, HAMLINES, DANGER, SOLACE.

[Heir the king has bene with his Cuncubyne, and thairefter returns to his yung Cumpany.

KING.

Now quhair is PLACEBO, and SOLACE?
Quhair is my menyeoun WANTONNES?
WANTONES, how ! cum to me lone.

WANTONES.

Quhy cryd ye, schyr, till I had done?

KING.

Quhat was thow doand, tell me that?

WANTONES.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, bot dowl,
Methink the warld rynnis round abowt.

Vol. II.  I  KING.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

King:

And so think I man, be my thrift.
I see syiftene moins into the lift.

Wantones.

Let Hamelines my lass allane;
Sche bendyt up aye twa for ane.

Hamelines:

Howbeid ye gat quhat ye defyrit,
Or I was temprit, ye was tyrith.

Denger.

And as for Placebo and Sollace,
I hald thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeid I maid it sumething tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew anewch.

(Sollace.

Mary thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre,
* * * * * * * *

Denger.

Now fowll fall yow! it is na bourdis
Befoir the King to speik souell wordis.
Or evir ye cum that gate agane,
To kiss my claff ye fall be fane.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

SOLLACE.

Now schaw me, syr, I yow exhert
How ar ye of your luve content?
Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

KING.

Ye that I do in verement.
Quhat bairnis ar yone upon the bent?
I did not se thame all this day.

WANTONES.

Thay will be heir incontinent.
Stand still; and heir quhat thay will say.

SCENE V.

KING, &C. FLATTERY, Falset, Dissait.

[Heir sall the thre Vycis cum, and mak thair salutation to the King, and say;

Laud, honor, gloir, triumph, and victorie,
Be to your most excellent Majestie.

I a KING.
FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

KING.

Ye ar welcum, gud freindis, be the rude.
Apperendly ye feme grit men of gude.
Quhat ar your namis tell me withowt dellay?

DISSAIT.

DISCRETION, syr, that is my name perfay.

KING.

Quhat is your name, syr, with the clippit croun?

FLATTERY.

But dowt my name is callit DEVOTION.

KING.

Welcum DEVOTION, be Sanct Jame.
Now Sirrah tell quhat is your name?

FALSETT.

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?
I wat not weill, but gif I lie.

KING.

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name?

FALSET.

I kend it, or I cam fra hame.
MISLEAD KING HUMANITIE.

KING.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it how?

FALSAT.

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink I trow.

KING.

Thyn Drink! quhat kin a name is that?

DISSAINT.

SAPIENCE thow servis to beir a platt;
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit.

FALSAT.

SYPYNs, Syr, SYPYNIS; mary thair ye hit it.

FLATTERY.

Syr, gif ye pleis to lat me sa,
Forsuth his name is SAPIENTIA.

FALSET.

That fame is it by St. Michaell.

KING.

Quhy could thow not tell thy name thy fell?
118 FLATTERY, DECEIT, AND FALSEHOOD,

Falset.

I pray your grace to pardone me,
And I fall schaw the verretie;
I am fa full of Sapience,
That sumtyme I will tak a trance;
My spreit was rest fra my body
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

KING.

SAPIENCE sowld be ane man of gude.

Falset.

Sir ye may knaw that be my hude.

KING.

Now haife I SAPIENCE and DISCRETION,
Quhow can I faill to rewill this regioun?
And DEVOTION to be my consellour,
I trow thir thre cum in a happy hour,
Heir I mak the my Secretar;
And thou fall be my Theesawrar;
And thou fall be my Counsellour,
In spirituall thingis to be Confessour.

Flattery.

Soverane, I sweir yow be Santt Ann,
Ye met nevir with an wyfar man;

Mony
Mony a craft, Syr, I can,
War thay weill known.
I haiff na feill of Flattrry,
Bot fetterit with philosophy,
A strange man in Astronomy,
Qhilk shall be sone schawn.

FALSAT.

And I haift grit intelligence
In quelling of the quyntacence;
Bot to preve my experience
Syr lend me fourty crownis,
To mak multiplication;
And tak my obligatioun.
Gif we mak fals narratioun,
Hald us for very lownis.

DISSAIT.

Schyr, I ken be your phifnomye,
Ye fall conquieis, or ellis I lye,
Drunken Denmark, and all Allmane,
Spitselfeild, and the realme of Spaine.
Ye fall haift at your governance
Renfrew, and the Realme of France;
Ye Engling, and the town of Rome;
Corfiorphine, and all Christindome.
Qhairto, Syr, be the Trinitie,
Ye ar an very A per se.
FLATTERY.

Syr, quhen I dwelt in Italy
I leirit the craft of palmistry.
Schaw me the luffe, Syr, of your hand,
And I fall gar yow undirstand
Gif your grace be unfortunat,
Or gif ye be predestonat.
I see ye will haif fyistene quenis,
And fyistene scoir of cuncubynis.
Now the Virgin Mary faif your grace,
Saw evir man fa quhyt a face?
Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand?
Thair is not sic ane leg in all this land.
War ye in harness I think na wonder,
Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

DISSAINT.

Be my sawle that is trewe thow sayis,
Was nevir man set fa weill his clais;
Thair is na man in Christianitie
So meit to be ane King as ye.

FALSET.

Syr, thank the Haly Trinitie
That send us to your company;
For God nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
Gif evir ye fand thre bettar fallowis.

KING.
KING.

Ye ar all welcum, be the rude,
Ye seem to be thre men of gude.

Finis of this Interlude, and pairt of play: heireftir fall Gude Counsall appeir, and fall be bositt awaie; and Lady Chestetie and Veretie fall be put in stoks: and Sensuallitie fall gyd the yung king for a time.
INTERLUDE VI.

THE three VICES overcome TRUTH
AND CHASTITY.
PERSONS.

KING HUMANITIE.
DISSAINT.
FLATTERY.
FALSET.
GUDE COUNSAL.
VERETIE.
SPIRITUALITIE.
CHESTETIE.
DILIGENCE.
SOLLACE.
SENSUALITIE.
INTERLUDE VI.

SCENE I.

King, Dissait, Flattery, Falsat, Gude Counsal.

King.

Bot quha is yone that standis sa still?
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And gif he yairnis my presence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

Dyssait.

That fall be done, be Goddis breid!
We fall him bring, owder quick or deid.
THE THREE VICES

FLATTERY.

I dreid full soir, be God himself,
That yone awld Carle be GUD COUNSALL.
Get he anis to the kingis presence,
We thre will get na audience.

DISSAIT.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
And say it is the kingis cummand,
That he anone devoyd this place,
And cum not nei the kingis grace;
And that undir the pane of treffoune.

FLATTERY.

Bruder, I think that counsell resfone.
Now lat us heir quhat he will say.
Awld berdit mowch! gude day! gude day!

GUDE COUNSALL.

Gude day agane, Syr, be the rude;
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

DISSAIT.

Pray not for that to Lord, or Leddy.
For we ar men of gude allreddy.
Schyr, schaw till us quhat is your name?
GUD COUNSALE.

GUD COUNSALL thay call me at hame.

FALSETT.

Quhat sayis thow Carle? art thow GUD COUNSALL? Swyth pass the hence, unhappy unsale!

GUD COUNSALE.

I pray yow, Syr, gif me licence
To cum anis to the kingis presence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

FLATTRY.

Swyth, hurson Carle, devoid this place.

GUD COUNSALL.

Broder, I ken yow weill enewch,
Howbeid ye mak it never fa tewch:
FLATTRY, DISSAIT, and FALS REPORT,
Thay, will not suffer to refort
GUD COUNSALE to the Kingis presence.

DISSAIT.

Swyth, hurson Carle, ga pak the hence.

[Heir fall thay hurle away Gude Counsalle.]

GUDE COUNSAL.

Sen at this tyme I can get na presence,
Is no remeid bot tak in pacience.

Howbeid
THE THREE VICES

Howbeid Gude Counsall hestely be not hard,
With yung Princis yit sowld thay not be skard;
Bot quhen yowthheid hes blawn his wantoun blast,
Than fall Gud Counsall rewill him at the last.

SCENE II.

FLATTRY, FALSAT, DISSAULT.

Heir fall the thre Vycis pass to ane Counsall.

FLATTRY.

Now quhill Gud Counsall is absent,
Bredir, we mon be diligent;
And mak betwix us four bandis,
Quhen vacains sollis in ony landis,
That every man fall help his fallow.

DISSAULT.

I hald, deir bruder, be all hallow:
So thow fishe not within our boundis.

FLATTRY.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,
Bot I fall planely tak your painis.

FALSET.
OVERCOME TRUTH AND CHASTITY.

Falset.

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis.
Bot haist us quhill the King is yung,
And lat ilk man keip weil a tung,
And in ilk quarter haif a spy,
Us till adwerityiss heftelly
Quhen ony cawfulnessies.
Sall happen in our cuntries;
And lat us mak provisioun,
Or he cum to discretioun,
No moir he wat now, nor ane Santt,
Quhat thing it is to haife of want.
Or he cum to his perfect aige,
We fall be fekir of our waige,
And than lat ilk ane carle travel uthir.

Dissait.

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.

Vol. II.  K  Scene
THE THREE VICES

SCENE III.

VERETIE, DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET.

[Heir fall VERETIE entir, and pass to bir place; qubair
FLATTRY fell by bir with feir.

VERITIE.

Gif men of me wald haif intilligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me VERITIE.
Off Chrystis law I haif experience;
And hes oursfalit mony stormy see.
Now am I feikand King HUMANITIE,
For of his grace I haif gud experance,
Fra tyme that he acquantit be with me;
His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

DISSAIT.

Sancte Pater! quhair haif ye bene?
Declar to us of your novellis.

FLATTRY.

Thair is new licht on the grene
Dame VERITIE, be buikis and bellis.
Bot cum fche to the Kings presence,
Thair is na bute for us to byde,
Thairfoir I rid us all ga hence.

FALSET.
OVERCOME TRUTH AND CHASTITY. 131

Falset.

That will we not yit, be Santt Bryde.
Bot we fall owdir gang, or ryde,
To Lordis of Spiritualitie,
And gar thame trow yone bag of pryde
Hes spokin manifest heresie.

[Heir the Vycis gais to the Spiritual Efsait, and lyis upon Veretie, desiring bir to be put in captivitie, quhilk is done with diligence.]

Flattry.

Quhat buik is that, harlot, into thy hand?
Owt Walloway! this is the New Testament
In Inglis tung, and printit in Ingland.
Herefy, Herefy, fyre, fyre, incontinent!

Veretie.

Fursuth, freind, ye haif ane wrang jugement,
For in that buik thair is na heresie,
Bot Christsis word, richt dulce and redolent,
And spreingand weill of sincere veretie.

Dissait.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,
Your wantone wortdis but dowt ye fall repent.
This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
And syne the morne be brocht to judgement.

Veretie.

For Christsis faik I am richt weill content
To suffeir all thing that fall pleiss his grace;

K 2
Howbeit ye put a thousand to torment,
A hundreth thousand fall ryifs in their place.

[Heir fall VERETIE sit down on bir kenis, and say:
Get up, thou sleipis all to lang, O Lord!
And mak ayn reasonoble reformation;
On thame quhilk dois tramp doon thyne hevenly word;
And hes ayn devised indignatioun
At thame quhilk makis truy narratioun.
Suffer thame not moir to be molleit.
O Lord! I mak the supplication,
With thyne unfreindis lat me not be opprest.
I haif no moir to say.

FLATTRY.

Sit down, and tak yow rest
All nicht, till it be day.

DISSAINT.

My Lordis, we haif with diligence
Bucklit weill up yone bladdrand baird.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I think ye farve sum recompense;
Tak thair ten crownis for your reward.
OVERCOME TRUTH AND CHASTITY. 133

SCENE IV.

CHESTITIE, DILIGENCE.

[Heir fall entir CHESTITIE, and say;

Quhow long fall this inconstant world endure,
That I sould baneift be sa lang! Allace!
Few cewratouris or none tak of me ceure,
Quhilk garris me mony nictis ly hairteles.
Thocht I haif past all nicht from place to place
Amang the temporall, and sprituall, estaitis,
Nor amang Princis, I can get na grace;
Bot bousteously am haldin at thair yaittis.

DILIGENCE.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name;
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

CHAISETTIE.

My friend, quharof I neid not think na schame,
Dame CHESTITIE, baneift frame toun to toun.

DILIGENCE.

Than pass to ladies of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to observe Chestitie.
Lo quhar thair fittis ane Prioires of renoun,
Amang the rest of Spiritualitie.

K 3
THE THREE VICES

[Heir fall febe pass to the baill Spritual Estait; and febe saill not be ressawit, but put away.

DILIGENCE.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang sa lait,
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With Temporall and Sprituall Stait,
Quha did yow maiſt kyndnes?

CHESTETIE.

In faith I fand bot ill, and war;
That gart me stand from thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the barr,
And flemit me moir and leſs.

DILIGENCE.

I counſale yow, bot tareing,
Pass till Humanitie the king,
Perchance he of his Grace benyng,
Will mak to yow support.

CHESTETIE.

Of your counſale I am content
To pass to him incontinent;
And my service till him present,
In hop of sum confort.

SCENE
SCENE V.

KING, SENSUALITIE, SOLACE, DISSAIT, &c.
CHESTITIE, VERETIE.
SOLLACE.

Soverane, get up, and se ane hevenly sicht,
A fair lady in quhyt abilityement.
Sche may be peir to ony king or knyght,
Moist lik ane angell be my jugement.

SENSUALITIE.

Now lat me se, quhat this matter may mene;
Perchance that I may ken hir be hir face.
Bot dowt this is Dame CHESTETIE I wene.
Shyr, sche and I ma not byd in a place:
Bot gif it be the plesour of your grace
That I remane into your cumpany,
Than this woman richt hefelly gar chace,
That sche be no moir sene in this cuntre.

KING.
As evir ye pleifs, sweithairt, so fall it be.
Dispone hir as ye think expedient;
Evin as ye lift to lat hir leif or de;
I will referr to yow that judgement.

K 4
SEN-
THE THREE VICES

SENSUALITIE.
Pass on than, SAPIENCE and DISCRETIOUTH, And baneifs hir out of the kings presence.

DISSAID.
Madame, that fall we do, be Goddis pasioun, We fall do your cummand with diligence, And at your hand serve gudly recompence.
Dame CHESTETIE, cum'on, be nocht agait; We fall richt sone upon your awn expence Into the stokkis your bony feit mak fast.

[Heir fall thay bar-te CHESTETIE to the stokkis; and sebe fall say, I pray you, Syr, be patient, For I fall be obedient Till do quhat ye cumand, Sen I se thair is no remeid; Howbeid it war to suffer deid, Or flemd out of the land. I wyt the Empriour CONSTANTYNE That I am put to sic rewyne, And banefit from the Kirk. For sen ye maid the Paip a king In Rome I cowld get na lugeing Bot hyde me in the mirke.
Bot Lady SENSUALITIE Sensyne hes gydit that cuntre And mekle of the rest. And
OVERCOME TRUTH AND CHASTITY. 137

And now she rewllis all this land
And hes derectit hir cummand
That I sould be opprest.
Bot all cumms for the best
To thame that lovis the Lord;
Thocht I be now opprest
I treist to be restord.

(Heir fall thy put bir in the stokkis; and she fall say to VERETIE,
Syster, allace this is a tairfull cace,
That we with Princis fa sould be abhord.

VERETIE.

Be blyth, Syster, I treist within schort space
That we fal be richt honorablie restord;
And with the King we fall be at concord.
For I heir tell Divyne CORRECTIOUN
Is now landid, thankit be God our Lord.
I wait he will be our protecțioun.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane proclamation to be tane in esirwart of the Parliament.

[Part]
INTERLUDE VII.

THE PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTION.

* See the Prologue next following.
PERSONS

KING CORRECTION.
KING HUMANITIE.
GUIDE COUNSEL.
DILIGENCE.
KING CORRECTION'S SERVANT.
FALSET.
FLATTERY.
DISSAID.
WANTONES.
VERITIE.
CHESTETIE.
THE THREE ESTAITS.
JOHIE the Common Weil.
SARJANTES.
POVERTIE, or the Purman.
INTERLUDE VII.

PROLOGUE.

Heir fall Messengir Diligence say:

At the cumand of King Humanitie
I warne and charge all Memberis of Parliament,
Baith Sprituall Stait, and Temporalitie,
That to his Grace thay be obedient;
And speid thame to the Court incontinent,
In gud order arrayit ryally.
Quho beis absent, or inobedient,
The kingis displeisoure thay fall underly.

And als I mak yow exortatioun,
Sen ye haif haird the first pairt of our play,
To tak ane drink, and mak collatioun:
Ilk man drink to his marrow I yow pray.
Tary nocht lang.; it is lait of the day:
Lat sum drink aill; and sum the cleret wyne.
Be grit Doctouris ot Phefick I heir say
That michty drink conforis a dull ingyne.

The vers eikis qubilk is in the first proclamat'oun.
Prudent Pepill, I pray yow all,
Tak na man grief in speciall,
For we fall speik in general,
For pastyme, be my say.
Thairsfoir till that owr rymes be rung
And owr mislonat sangis be sung
Lat every man keip weill a tung
And every woman tway.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I pray yow,
For that is even anewch to slay yow;
Becaufs thair is to cum I say yow
The best part of our play.

S C E N E I.

KING CORRECTION'S BOY.

[Heir fall Entir Correctionis Varlet, for Reformatioun, and say:

Syr, stand abak, and hald yow coy;
I am the King Correction's Boy,
Cum heir to dreifs his place.
Se that ye mak obedience
Unto his nobill Excellence;
Fra time ye se his face.

For
OF CORRECTION.

For he makkis reformationis
Owt thruch all Cristin nationis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis.
And, as far as I understand,
He fall reforme into this land
All the thre Estaitis.
God furth of hevin he hes him send,
To puneis all that dois offend
Unto his Majestie;
As evir him lift to tak vengeance,
Sumtyme with swerd and pestilence,
With derth and powertie.
Bot quhen the Pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he gif thame grace:
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt seddanly will be directit,
And flemid far from his face.
For fylence I protest
Off Lord, Laird, and Leddy;
Now will I run but rest,
And tell that all is reddy.
SCENE II.

DISSA\(\text{I}^{\text{a}}\)IT, FLATTRY, FALSET.

DISSA\(\text{I}^{\text{a}}\)IT.

Bruder, hard ye yone Proclamatioun?
I dreid full fair for reformatioun,
Yone message makis me mangit.
Quhat is your Counsale to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God him fell,
We will all thre be hangit.

FLATTRY.

I will ga to spiritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his Dyocie,
Quhar I will be unknawin.
Or keip me cloise into sum closter,
With many petious pater noster,
Till all the boist be blawin.

DISSA\(\text{I}^{\text{a}}\)IT.

I will be tretitt as ye ken
With all my maisters the Marchand Men,
Quhilk can mak small debait.
Ye ken rycht few of thame that thryves,
Or can begyle the landwart wyves,
Bot me thair man DISSA\(\text{I}^{\text{a}}\)IT.
Now FALSAT quhat fall be thy chift?
OF CORRECTION.

FALSAT.
Na cair thou not, man, for my thrift;
Trow thou that I be daft?
Na I will leif a lufty lyfe,
Withowttyn ony flurt or sryse,
Amang the Men of Craft.

FLATTRTY.
I will remane na mair belyd yow.
I counsal yow richt weill to gyd yow:
Byd nocht upoun CORRECTIOUN.
Fairweill! I will na langar tary.
I pray the alreche Quene of Fary
To be your protec†ioun.

DISSAIT.
FALSAT, I wald we maid ane Band,
Now quhill the King is found sleipand
Quhat rax to steill his Box.

FALSAT.
Na weill said, be the Sacrament,
That f I I do incontinent,
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

[Heir fall thay steill the Kingis box.

Lo heir the Box! now lat us ga:
This may suffyce for our rewardis.

VOL. II.  L  DISSAIT.
Dissait.
Ye, that it may, man, be this day
It may well mak us landward Lairdis.
Now latt us cast away thir Clayifs,
In dreid sum follow on the Chace.

Falsat.
Richt weill devysit, be St. Blais.
Wald God we war out of this place!
[Heir fall they cast away their Counterfeit Clayis.

Dissait.
Now sen thair is no man to wrang us,
I pray yow, Bruder, with all my hairt,
Latt us now pairt this pelf amang us;
Syne heftelly lat us depairt.

Falsat.
Trowis thow to get as mekill as I?
That fall thow not: I stall the box.
Thow did nothing but luik it by,
And lurkit lik a wily fox.

Dissait.
Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, withoutt I get my pairt.
Swyth, hurfone smaik, ryve up the lokkis,
Or I fall stik the thruche the hairt.
[Heir fall they secht with slyence.

Falsat.
OF CORRECTION.

FALSAT.

Allace for evir, myne Ee is owt!
Wallouway will no man red the men?

DISSAINT.

Upoun thy cloff tak thair a clowt!
To be cowrtace I fall thé ken.
Fairweill, for I am at the flycht,
I will not byd on na demandis;
And we tway meit agane this nycht,
Tuay feit fall be worth fourty handis.

SCENE III.

CORRECTION, GUDE COUNSALL.

CORRECTION enterris.

Itak beir bot certane schort pairtis owt of the speichis;
becaus of the lang Processe of the Play.

CORRECTION.

I am ane Juge, richt potent and severe,
Cum, to do Justice, mony thousand myle.
I am sa constant, baith in peafe and weir,
Na bud nor favour ma my face oursyle.
Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this Yle
Of my repair, but dowt, quhilk dois repent:
Bot vertows men, I trest, fall on me smyle;
And of my cuming be richt weill content.

L 3     GUDE
THE PARLIAMENT

Gude Counsell.

Welcum, my Lord, welcum ten thousand tymis
Till all faithfull and trew men of this regioun!
Welcum for till correct all falsis and crymis,
Amang this cancart Congregatioun!
Lowifs Chestetie, I mak ye supplicatioun,
And put till fredome fair Lady Veretie,
Qubilk be unfaithfull folk of this regioun
Lies bind ful fast into captivitie.

CORRECTION.

I mervel, Gud Counsell, quhow that may be;
Ar ye not with the King familiar?

Gud Counsell.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me?
Bot lyk ane brybour helden at the Bar;
Thay play Bokkeik, even as I war a skar.
Thair come thre knavis, in cleithing counterfeit,
And fra the King thay gart me stand afar;
Quhois names war Falsat, Flattery, and Dissait.
Bot quhen the knavis hard tell of your coming
Thay stall away, ilk ane ane sundry gait,
And keft fra thame thair counterfeit clothing:
For thair loving full weill thay can debait;
The Marchand Men thay haife resset Dissait;
And for Falsat full weill, my Lord, I ken
He will be richt weill trettet, air and late,
Amang the maist pait of the Craftismen.

Flattery
OF CORRECTION.

FLATTRY hes tane the hebit of a Freir, Purpoising to begyle the SPIRITUALL ESTAIT.

CORRECTION.

But dowt, my freinds, and I life half a yeir; I fall dryve fer owt thair Iniquitie. Quhair lyis yone Laddies in captivitie? Quhow now Systeris quho hes yow so disgyfit?

SCENE IV.

CORRECTION, GUTE COUNSALL, VERITIE, CHESTITIE.

VERITIE.

Unmerciful Memberis of Iniquitie Dispytfully hes us, my Lord, suppyrifit.

CORRECTION.

Ga put yone Ladies to thair libertie Incontinent, and brek doun all the Stokkis. Bot dowt they ar full deir welcum to me. Mak diligence; me think ye do bot mokkis; Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis, And tendirly tak thame up be the hand. Had I thame heir the knavis fowld ken my knokkis, That thame opprest, and baneisfit this land. 

[Heir fall they be tane out of the Stokkis: and they fall say: We thank you, Syr, of your benignitie;}

L 3
THE PARLIAMENT

Bot I beseech your Majestie Royall,
That ye wald pass to King HUMANITIE;
And flee me fra hym yone Lady SENSUALL.
And entir in his Service GUD COUNSALE,
For ye will find him very counsalable.

CORRECTION.

Cum on, Sisteris; as ye haif said I fall.
And gar hym stand at yow thre firme and stable.

SCENE V.

CORRECTION, GUD COUNSALE, VERITIE,
CHESTITIE, KING HUMANITIE.

[Heir fall GUD COUNSALE, VERETIE, and CHESTETIE;
cum to the King, with CORRECTION.

CORRECTION.

Get up, Syr King! ye haif sleipit anewch
Into the armes of Lady SENSUALL.
Be feme that moir belangis to the pleuch,
As afterwart perchans rchers I fall.
Remember how the King SARDANPALL
Amang fair Ladys tuk his lust fa lang,
So that the maist part of his Leigis all
Rebeld, and fyne hym dulfuly dow thrang.
Remember how, into the tyme of NOY,
For the fowlle slink and sin of Lechery,
God, be my wand, did all the warld desfroy.
OF CORRECTION.

Sadom and Gomer richt so full rigourously
For that self syn war brunt richt crewally.
Thairfoir I the cummand incontinent
To ceise from that huir Sensualitie,
Or ellis bot d Gowt rudly thow salt repent.

KING:

Be quhome haif ye sa grit awtoritie,
Qhilik dois presome for till correct a King?
KnaW ye not me the King Humanitie,
That in my regioun royally did ring?

Correction.

I haif power grit Princis to doun thring;
That leivis contrar the Majestie Devyne;
Agane the treuth quhilik planely dois maling;
But thay repent: and put thame to Rewine.
I will begin at the, quhilik is the heid,
And mak on the first Reformatioun.
Thy Leigis than will follow the but pleid.
Swyth, Harlott, hence without dellatioun!

Sensualitie.

My Lord, I mak yow supplicatioun
Gif me licence to pafs agane to Rome;
Amang the Princis of that natioun
I lat you wit my bewty thair will blome.

[Heir fall Sensualitie depairt fra the King.]
THE PARLIAMENT

CORRECTION.

My Lord, sen ye'ar quyt of Sensualitie,
Ressaif into your Service Gud Counsale,
And richt so this fair Ledy Chestetie,
Till ye mary sum Queene of blude royall,
Observe than Chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so ressaif heir Veretie be the hand.
Use thair Cunsale, your fame fall never fall;
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

[Heir fall the King ressaiff the thre Vertues.

KING.

I am content your cunsfall till inclyne;
Ye beand of sa gud conditioun.
At your cummand fall be all that is myne.
And heir I gif you full Commissioun
To punish faultis, and gif remissioun.
To all vertew I shall be consonable:
With you I fall confirme an unioun;
And at your counsfall stand ay firme and stabe.

CORRECTION.

I counsale yow, incontinent,
Agane proclame the Parliament
Of all the thre Estaitis.
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And fone drees all debaites.
OF CORRECTION.

KING.

That fall be done, but mair demand.
How Diligence! cum heir fra hand,
And tak your informatioun.*
Ga warne the SPIRITUALITIE,
Richt so the TEMPORALITIE,
To gif us their Counsallis.
Quho so beis absent, to thame schaw
That thay fall underly our Law,
And puneist be that failis.

DILIGENCE.

Schyr, I fall baith in Bruch and Land,
With diligence do your cumand,
Upon my awin expense.
Schyr, I haif serwitt all this yeir,
Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
Yet for my recompense.

KING.

Pass on; for thou fall be regairdit,
And for thy service weill rewardit.
For quhy, with my consent,
Thou fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
The teind mussells of the Ferry myre,
Conformand to Parliament.

* Here half a stanza seems wanting.
DILIGENCE.

I will get riches with that rent,
Eftir the day of Dome,
Quhen in the coillpitts of Tranent
Butter will grow on brome.
All nicht I had fa mekill drewth,
I micht not sleip a wink.
Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
But dowt I mon have drink.

SCENE VI.

KING, HUMANITIE, CORRECTION, WANTONES,
VERITIE, CHASTITIE.

CORRECTION.

Cum heir, PLACEBO, and SOLLACE,
With your Cumpanyeoun WANTONES;
I ken weill your conditioun.
For tyting of HUMANITIE
To reslaiff SENSUALITIE,
Ye mon suffer punitioun.

WANTONES.

We grant, my Lord, we haif done ill:
Thairfoir we put us in your will.
Bot we have bene abusit.
For in gud faith, Syr, we beleivit

That
That Lichery could na man haiff greivit,
Becaus it is so usit.
Schyr, we fall mend our conditioun,
So ye gif us ane free remissioun;
Bot gif us leif to sing,
To dance, and play at Chefs, and Tabblis;
To reid Storyis, and mirry Fabillis,
For pleisour of the King.

CORRECTION.

So that ye do nott udyr Cryme,
Ye sal bepardon'd at this tyme.
For quhy, as I suppoise,
Princis sumtyme mon feik sollace
With mirth, and lefull mirrenes,
Their spreitis to rejoyis.

KING.

Quhair is SAPIENCE, and DISCRETIOUN?
And quhy cumis not DEVOTION nar?

VERETIE.

SAPIENCE, Syr, was ane verry Loun,
And DISCRETIOUN was nyne tymes war.
The suth, Syr, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your Excellence;
And wald not suffer to resorf
Npn of us thre to your presence.
THE PARLIAMENT

CHAISTETIE.

Thay thre was FLATTERY, and DISSAINT,
And FALSET, that unhappy loun.
Againis us thre quhilk maid debait,
And baneist us fra toun to toun.
Thay gart us tway fall into soun,
Quhen thay us lokkit in the stokkis,
That daftard quhilk ye calld DISCRETION
Full thistously he stall your box.

KING.

The Divill tak thame, for thay ar gane!
Me thocht thame ay thre very smaikis.
I mak ane vow to sweit saunt FILANE
Get I thame, thay fall beir thair paikis.
I se thay playd with me the glaikkis.
GUDE COUNSALL now schew me the best;
Sen I fix on you thre my flaikis,
How fall I keep my realme in rest?

SCENE
SCENE VII.

King Humanitie, Correction, Diligence,
Johnie the Common Weill, The Three
Estaitis, Flattrry, Falset.

[Heir fall the Thre Estaitis compeir to the
Parliament; And the King fall say:

My prudent Lordis of the thre Estaitis,
It is our will, aboif all oydir thing,
For to reforme all thay that makkis debaitis;
Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.
And thay that dois the commoun weill doun thring.
With help and counfall of king Correctionoun,
It is our will for to mak puniffing,
And plane Oppressouris put to subjectioun.

Diligence.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest;
For quhy it is yone nobill Princis willis,
That all Compleneris fall giff in thair billis.

Johnie the Commoun Weill.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis saik lat me gae.
Tell me agane, gud maister, quhat ye fae?
Diligence.
I warne all that bene wranguly affordit,
Cum and complene, and they fall be amendit.

Common Weill.
Thanket be Christ, that ware the Croun of Thorne!
For I was never so blyth fyn I war borne.

Diligence.
Quhat is thy name, Fallow, that wald I seill?

Johnie.
For such they call me Johnie the Commoun Weill.
Gude maister, I wald speir at you ane thing,
Quhar trest ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Diligence.
Cum our, and I shall schaw the till his grace.

Johnie.
Now Goddis braid bennieson licht upon that face!
Stand by the gaist: lat se gif I can loup.
I mon run fast in dreid I get a cowp.

[Heir fall Johnie run to loup ovr the matter, and
be fall fall in the middis of it.

Diligence.
Speid the away, thou tarreis all to lang.

Johnie.
OF CORRECTION.

JOHNIE.

Syr, be this day I micht not faster gang.
Gud day! Gud day! God saif baith your Gracis!
Waly, Waly, fa tha twa weill fard facis!

KING.

Schaw me thy name, Gud man, I the command.

JOHNIE.

Mary, JOHNIE THE COMMOUN WEIFL OF FAIR SCOTLAND.

KING.

The Common weill has bene amang his Fais,

JOHNIE.

Ye, that, fyr, garris the Commoun weill want Clais.

CORRECTION.

Quhome upoun complene ye, or quho maks yow debaitis?

JOHNIE.

Syr I complene upoun the KING, and all the THRE ESTAITIS.

As for our reverend Faders of SPRITUALITIE
Ar led be covetyce this Carle, and Temporalitie.
And, als ye se, TEMPORALITIE hes need of correctioun.
Qunilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick Oppressoun,
Lo se quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak!
Get up, I think to se thy Craig gar a raip crak.

How,
THE PARLIAMENT

How, fenzeit FLATTERY! the feind fart on that face;
Quhen ye war gyddar of the Court we gat littill grace.
Ryis up FALSAT, and DISSAT, withowttyn ony senyie,
I pray God nor the Divills Dam dryt on that grunyie.
Behald as the loin luiks even lyk a Thieff.
Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to mischeiff.
My Soverane Lord CORRECTION, I mak yow supplication,
Put thir tryit tratouris from Christis Congregationoun.

CORRECTION.

As ye haif devysit, but dowt it fall be done.
Cum heir annone, my Serjandi, and do your det sone.
Put first the three pilouris into the prifon strang:
Howbeid ye hang thame hestelly. ye do thame na wrang.

FIRST SARJAND.

Soverane Lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
Bruder, upoun thay Harlottis lay your handis.
Ryis up, Lowry, ye luik even lyk a lurdane,
Your mowth war meit even to drink owt a jurdane.

2d SARJAND.

Cum heir, Gossop, cum heir, cum heir.
Your rakles lyff ye fall repent:
Quhen had ye wont to be sa lweir?
Stand still, and be obedient.

1st SARJAND.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
(Bot I wald nocht this tale was told)
OF CORRECTION.

Bot I wald hang him for his goun,
Quhidder he war Lord or Laird.
I trow this pylour be spurgawd,
Thow art ane fliif knaife I stond ford.
Howbeid I se thy scalp, Syr, skawd;
Put in thyn handis into this cورد.

[Heir ar tby led, and put in the flókkis]

GUD COUNSALL.

My werdy Lordis, sen that ye haif on hand
Sum reformation to mak into this land,
And als ye knew it is the Kingis mynd,
Quhil to the COMMOUN WEILL hes ay bene kind,
Thocht reiff and thift war flanchit weill anewch,
Yit sumthing mair belangis to the plewch.
Now into peas ye fowld provyed for weiris,
And be seur off how mony thowsand speiris
The king man be, quhen he hes ocht ado:
Forquhy, my Lordis, this is my reffoune lo,
The husbandmen and commonis thay war wownt,
Go in the battell, formula in the brount.
Bot I haif tynt all my experience,
Withowt ye mak sum better diligence,
The Common Weill mon othir wayis be flylit,
Or be my faith the realme will be begylit.
Thir peur Commounis, daylie as ye may see,
Declynes doun till extreme povertie;
For some ar heichtit so into thair maill,
Thair wynning will nocht find thame water cail.

Vol. II. M How
THE PARLIAMENT

How Kirkmen heicht thair teindis it is weill knawin,
That husbandmen noways may hald thair awin.
And now begynnis a plaig upoun thame new,
That Gentellmen their steadings takkis in few.
Thus mon thay pay grit fairm, or leiff the stad;
And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the had,
That ar desfroyit, without God on thame rew.

POVERTIE.

Syr, be Goddis breid, that taill is very trew.
It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs;
Now all my geir ye se upoun my cors.

CORRECTION.

Or I depairt I think to mak gud ordour.

COMMOUN WEILL.

I pray yow, Syr, begin then at the bordour.
For quhow sowld we defend us agane Ingländ,
Quhen we can not, within our native land,
Distroy our awin Scottis, tratour Thewis,
That to leill labouriris daily dois myscheivis.
War I ane king, my Lord, be cokkis woundis
Quhaevir held commoun theivis within their boundis,
Quhairthruch that leill men daily micht be wrangit,
Without remeid thair chestanis sowld be hangit,
Quhidder he war a knycht, Lord, or Laird;
The Divill beir me till Hell, and he war spaird!
OF CORRECTION. 163

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat oydir ennemyifs hes thow, lat us ken?

COMMOUN WEILL.

Schyr, I complene upoun all ydill men.
Forquhy, Syr, it is Goddis awin bidding
All Cristinmen to wirk for thair leving.

Santt Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to tha wrachis that will not wirk,
And bene to vertowifs labour laith,

*Qui non laborat, non manducat*):
This being in Inglis toung to treit,

"Quho laboris nocht he fall not eit."

'This bene agane thir strang beggarris,
Fidlaris, Pypparis, and Pardonnares,
Thir Juglaris, Jeftouris, and ydill senjouris,
Thir Ballett Beraris, and thir Bairdis;
Thir sweir swengeouris with Lordis and Lairdis,
Mo than thair rentis may sustene,
Ar to thair profeit neidfull bene.

Quhilk bene ay blythift of discordis,
And deidly feid amang the Lordis.
For than thay Tratouris mon be treittit,
Or ellis thair quarrellis ar undebaitit.
And Monkis, Preistis, Channonis, and Freiris,
Auguftynes, Carmalytis, and Cordeleiris;
And uthyrs that in Cowllis bene cled;
Quhilk laboris not and bene weill fed.
Quhome upoun, man, wilt thow complene?

Mary, Syr, ma and mae agane.
For the peur pepill cryis with teiris
The grit misusing of Justice Airs,
Exercit mair for covetyce,
Nor for punissing of vyce.
Ane pegrall theif, that fleilis a cow,
Is hangit; bot he that fleilis a bow
With als mekill geir as he may turfs,
That theiff is hangit be the purfs.
So pykand peprall thevis ar hangit:
Bot he that all the world hes wrangit,
A crewill tyrrand, a strang transgresour,
Aue commoun public plane oppressour,
By buddis will he obtene favouris:
Off Thesaurar, and Compositouris,
Thocht he ferve grit puniffioun,
Gettis esy Compositioun;
And thruche lawis Confistariall,
Prolixt, corrupt, and pertiall,
The Commoun pepill ar put at under:
Thocht thay be peur it is na wonder.
OF CORRECTION.

CORRECTION.

Gud Johnie, I grant all that is trew,
Your infortune full fair I rew.
Or I pairt off this natioun
I fall mak reformatioun.
And als my Lordis Temporalitie,
I yow cummand in tyme that yee
Expell oppressioun of your landis.
And als I say to yow Marchandis,
And evir I fynd, be land or see,
Dissait into your cumpanie,
Qhilk ar to commoun weill contrair,
I wow to God I fall not spair,
To put my sword to executioun,
And mak on yow extreme puniiffioun.
Mairattour, my Lord Temporalitie,
In gudly haift I will that yie
Lett into few your temporall landis,
To men that labourris with thair handis;
Bot nocht to Jenkyne Gentill man,
That nowdir will he work, or can;
Qhairby that polleece may encress.

Temporalitie.
I am content, Syr, be the Mefs,
Swa that the Spiritualitie
Lett thairis in few, als weill as we.
My Spiritual Lordis ar ye content?

M 3
THE PARLIAMENT

SPRITUALITIE.

Na, we man tak avysiment.
In sic materis for to conclude
Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

CORRECTION.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
Ye fal be punisit be sweit Sant Jeill.

SRITUALITIE.

Syr, I can schaw yow exemptioun
Fra yowr temporall puniissioun,
The quhilk we purpoifs to debait.

CORRECTION.

Wa than ye think to sryve for Stait.
My Lordis, quhat say ye to this play?

TEMPORALITIE.

My Soverane Lord, we will obey,
And tak your pairt with hairt and hand,
Qhatevir ye pleis us to cummand.

[Heir fall they sit down and ask Grace.

Bot we beseik yow our Soverane
Of all our crymes that ar bygane
To gif us twa ane full remissioun.

And
OF CORRECTION.

And heir we mak to yow condissioun,
The Commoun Weill for till defend,
From hyneforth till our lyvis end.

CORRECTION.

On that conditioun I am content
Till pardoun yow, sen ye repent,
And Commoun Weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetual band.

[Heir fall thay embrace the Commoun Weill.

CORRECTION.

JOHNIE, haif ye ony mae deabaitis
Aganis my Lordis the Spiritual Estaitis?

JOHNIE.

Na, Syr, we dar not speik a word.
To plene on Preistis it is na bowrd.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Flyte on the full, full, I defy the,
Sa thow schaw bot the veretie.

JOHNIE.

Gramercy, than fall I not speir.
First to complene to our Vicar;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small Bairnis twa or thre,

M 4

And
And hes twa ky, withowtyn mo,
The Vicar muft haif on of tho,
With the gray coit, that happis the bed,
Howbeid the wyfe be peurly cled.
And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis sowld be forlorn,
The udir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of raplack gray.
Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk nevir wes foundit be reffone.

**TEMPORALITIE.**

At all thy tailis trew that thou tellis?

**POVERTIE.**

Trew, Syr! the Divill stik me ellis.
For, be the holy Trinitie,
That same was practik upoun me.
For our Vicar, God gif him pyne,
Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne;
Ane for my fader, and for my wife ane uder,
The thrid kow he tuik for Meg my meder.

**JOHNIE.**

Our persone heir he takkis no othyr pyne,
Bot to ressaiiff hys teindis, and spend thame fyne.
Howbeid that he be obleift be reffoun
To preiche the Evangill to his parichoun;
OF CORRECTION

And thocht thay want the preiching seventyne yeir,
Our parfone will not want ane sheiff of heir.

TEMPORALITE.
Fursuth, my Lordis, I think we sowld conclude,
Towching this cow ye haif ane conswedude,
We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
Sall wryte unto the Paipis halyness,
With his consent, be proclamatioun,
Baith cors present, and cow, we fall cry doun.

SPRITUALITE.
To that, my Lordis, planely we disconsent.
Notar, thairof I tak an instrument.

SCRYBE.
Ye gar me wryt mony fundry act,
And to me ye nevir cast in a plac.

POVERTY.
Ha, my Lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remember for to reforme the Consistory;
It hes mair need of reformatioun,
Nor PLUTOIS Court, be cokkis passioun.

PERSONE.
Quhat caufs hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhair wes thow evir summond to thair fenyie?
Mary, I lent my goslop my meir to fetche in coillis,
And he hir drownit into the quarrell hoillis;
And I ran to the Constry for to plenye,
And thair I hapnit amang ane gredy menye.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,
Within aucht dayis I got bot lybellandum,
Within ane month I gat, ad opponendum,
In half a yeir I gat ad interloquendum,
And syn I gat, quhow call ye it, ad replicandum.
Bot I could nevir ane word yet understand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis;
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;
Bot or thay cum half gait ad conclude
The fiend a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair traime;
Syne bodie ad octo bad me cum agane.
And than thay ruikis thay rowpit woundir faist;
For sentence-sylver thay cryit at the laist.
Off pronunciandum thay maid me wounder fane
But I gat never my gud grey meir agane.

**TEMPORALITIE.**

My Lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhois grit desame abone the Hevin blawis.
I wift ane man in persewing a cow,
Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
OF CORRECTION.

So that the King's honour we may advance
We will conclude as they have done in France.
Let spiritual matters pass to Spiritualitie;
And temporal matters to Temporalitie.
Quho failis in this fall coift thame of thair gude.
Scryb, mak an Act for so we will conclude.

Spiritualitie.

That act, my Lordis, planely I yow declair,
It is aganis our profeitt singular.
Till all your actis planely I discontent.
Notar, thairof I tak an instrument.
OF CORRECTION

To find the Knight's figure we use 

We will continue our play and gone to France.

The present principal being to extract and

And you shall find the form 

Our rule is to hit for you in numerical order. But I

If the friends are so kind as to procure me

For the present, with the rest of the

I have a plan of a letter I wish to

Each friend, I pray, I may receive

I have a good plan, I hope, of

The present, I trust, is for me.
INTERLUDE VIII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE VICES.
Persons.

Correction.
King Humanitie.
Gude Counsal.
Common Weil.
Sarjants.
Povertie.
Commoun Thift.
Oppressioune.
Flattry.
Falset.
Dissait.
INTERLUDE VIII.

SCENE I.

Commoun Thift, Povertie.

Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang.
How Divill come I into this thrang?
With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be tane.
I haif run, baith nicht and day:
Thruch speid of fute I gat away.
Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
I will be slane.

Povertie.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift.

Hursone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
For I had nevir na udir chift,
Sen I was borne.
In Eiuifdale was my dwelland place.
Mony wyf gart I cry allace!
At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum sayis ane king is cum amang us,
That purpoissis to heid and hang us;
Thair is na grace and he may fang us,
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we thieves will get na gude.
I pray God, and the holy rude,
Sen he had smord untill his cude,
And all his kyn.
Get this curt king men in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weysis my hippis*.
The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis,
That off me tellis.
Adew! I dar nocht langar tary,
For be I kend thay will me kary,
And put me in ane fery fary,
I see nocht ellis.
I raif, be him that herreit hell,
I had almaist forget myself.
Will na gud fallow to me tell
Quhair I may find
The Erle of Rotheres’ beff haikney?
That wes my eirand heir away.

* This seems a translation of the noted line of Villon the French poet, who wrote about 1450,
Scauoit mon col que mon cul poife.
He is richt stark, as I heir fay,
And swift as wind.
Heir is my bryddill, and my spurris,
To gar him lanfs our seild and furris.
Might I him gett now owir the durris
I tak na cure.
Off that hors isicht I get ane ficht,
I haif na dowsit yit or midnicht,
That he and I sowld tak the flicht
Thruich Dysart muir.
Off cumpanary tell me, bruder,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Stouder;
I wald me welcum to my moder
Gif I micht speid.
I wald gif baith my hat and bonnat,
To gett my Lord; and sayis Broun Jonat
War we beyond the watter of Annat
We sowld not dreid.
Quhat now Oppressoun, my bruder deir,
Quhat mekill Divill hes brocht the heir?
Maister tell me the caus perquier
Quhat ye haiff done?
SCENE II.

COMMOUN THIFT, OPPRESSIOUN.

OPPRESSIOUN.

Forfuth the Kingis Majestie
Hes set me heir as ye may se.
Micht I speik with TEMPORALITIE,
He wald releiff me sone.
Bot half an hour for to fit heir *
Ye know that I was nevir sweir
Yow till defend.
Put in your leg into my place ;
And heir I sweir be Goddis Grace
Yow to releiff within schort space,
Syne latt yow wend.

THIFT.

Than Maister deir, gif me your hand,
And mak to me ane fewir band,
That ye fall cum agane fra hand
Withowttyn faill.

* A line wanting.
OF THE VICES.

Oppressoun.

Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
Als I promit the verealy
To giff to the ane cuppill of ky,
In Liddisdale.

Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the flokkit;
and Oppressoun fall stiel away and betray him.

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
For I sweir the be Sanct Filliane.
We twa fall nevir meit agane,
In land nor toun.

Thift.

Maister, will ye not keip conditioun?
And put me furth of this suspicioun?

Oppressoun.

Na, nevir quhill I get remissioun.
Adew my cumpanyeoun.
I fall cummand the to thy dame.

Thift.

Adew than, in the Divillis name.
For to be fals thinkis thow na schame?
To leif me in this pane
Thow art ane loun, and that ane lidder.

Oppressoun.

Roman, I will go to Baqubidder.
It fall be pasche, be Goddis moder,

N 2
THE PUNISHMENT

Or evir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift
That hes betrafit COMMONE THIFT?
For thair is nocht under the lift
A curstar cors.
I am richt seur that he and I,
Within this half yeir, craftelly
Hes firstion ane thowfand sheip and ky,
By meiris and hors.
War God that I war found and hail
Now liftit into Liddisdaill,
The Merse fowld fynd me beiff and cail,
Quhat rack of breid?
War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
The Divill fowld styk me with a knyffe,
And evir I cum agane in Fyfe,
Quhill I wer deid.
Adeu! I leif the Divill amang yow,
That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
With all leill men that dois belang yow.
For I may rew
That ever I cum into this land.
For quhy ye may weill understand
I gat na geir to turn my hand.
Yit anis adeu!

SCENE
SCENE III.

Correction, King Humanitie, Flattery, Falset, Dissaint, Gude Counsal, Sarjants, Poortie.

Correction.

I Counfall yow, Syr, now fra hand,
Gar baneiss yone frier owt of this land,
And that incontinent.
Do ye not so, withowtyn weir,
He will mak all this toun on steir,
I know his fals intent.
Yone flattrand knavis; withowttyn fable,
I think they are nocht profitable
For Christis Regioun.
To begin reformation
Mak of thame deprivatioun,
This is my opinion.

First Sarjand.

Come, Syr, pleiss ye that we twa inbind thame?
And ye fall se us sone degrade thame
Of rewle, and skaiplarie.
PASS on, I am richt weill content.
Syne baneifs thame incontinent
Out of this countré.

**First Sarjand.**

*Cum on, Syr Freir, and be nocht fleit;
The king our maister mon be obeyit,
Bot ye fall haif na harme.
Gif ye wald travaill fra town to town,
I think this hude, and haly gown,
Will hawld your wame ouwarme.

**Flattrey.**

Now quhat is this, yone monstouris menis?
I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
And fra all human law.

**2d Sarjand.**

Tak ye the hud, and I the gown.
This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,
As ony that evir I saw.

**1st Sarjand.**

Thir Freirs to escaip punifioun,
Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
And no man will obey.
Thay ar exemit, I yow affeure.
OF THE VICES.

Fra Paipis, Kingis, and Empreour,
And that makkis all the play.

2D SARJAND.

On Domesday, quhen Chryft fall say,
Venite, Benedicti;
The Freiris will say, without delay,
Nos fuimus exempti.

[Heir fall thay spuljie FLATTERY of the Kings habite.

GUD COUNSEL.

Syr, be the Haly Trinitie,
This samen is senyeit FLATTERIE,
I ken hym be his face.
Belevand for to get promotioun,
He said that hys name was DEVOTIOUN;
And fo begyld your Grace.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum on, Syr FLATTRY, be the meit.
We fall leir yow to daunce,
Within any bonny littill space,
Ane new paven of Fraunce.

FLATTERY.

Now, my Lord, for Goddis saik lat nocht hang me,
Howbeid thir widdy sowis wald wrang me;
I can mak no debait,
To win my meit at plewch or harrowis.
THE PUNISHMENT

Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
Bath FALSAT, and DISSAIT.

CORRECTION.

Than pafs thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang up thy fallowis,
Thow getis na udder grace.

FLATTERY.

Off that office I am content.
Bot our Prellattis I dreid repent
Be I fleand from thair face.

Heir fall FLATTERY pafs to the stokis, and sit besid his
marrowis.

DISSAIT.

Now FLATTERY, my awld cumpanyeoun
Quhat dois yone King CORRECTION?
Knawis thow not his entent?
Declair till us of thy novellis.

FLATTERY.

Yeill all be hangit, I fe nocht ellis,
And that incontinent.

DISSAIT.

Now Walloway! will he gar hang us?
The Divill brocht yone curst king amang us,
For mekill sturt and stryfe.
OF THE VICES. 185

FLATTERY.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
Had nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
And so I savit my lyf.
I heir thame say thay will cry doun
All freiris and preifis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill;
Becaus thay ar not neceffar.
And als thay ar all haill contrar
To Johnie the Common Weill.

POVERTIE.

Now I beseik yow, for all hallowis,
Gar hang Dissait, and all his fallowis;
And baneis Flattery off the town,
For thair was nevin sic ane loun.
That beand done I hald it best
That every man go tak his rest.

CORRECTION.

As thow hes said, it fall be done.
Swyth Sarjands hang yone swingeours fone.
Heir fall the Sarjands lowiis thame first of the stokkis;
and leid thame to the Gallowis.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum heir, Sir Theif; cum heir, cum heir.
Quhen war ye wont to be fa weir?
To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy;
Thairfor ye fall waif in a widdy.

**THIFT.**

Man I be hangit? Allace! Allace!
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
Yit or I de gif me a drink.

**1ST SARJAND.**

Fy hurfome Cairle, I feill a stink.

**THIFT.**

Thocht Iwald not that it war wittin
Schyr, in gud faith * * *
To wit the veretie gif ye pleiss,
* * * * *

**1ST SARJAND.**

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford.
Slip in thy heid into this cord,
For thow had never ane metar tippit.

**THIFT.**

Allace! this is ane fallone rippat!
The widdifow wardannis tuik my geir,
And left me nowdir hors nor meir,
Nor erdly gud that me belangit:
Now Walloway I mon be hangit!

Repent
Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreslowris,
Or ellis ga chufe yow gude confessouris;
And mak yow ford.
For, and ye tary in this land,
And cum undir Correctionis band,
Your grace fall be, I undirstand,
Ane gud hairp cord.
Adew my brothir Annan theivis,
That holpit me in my mischeivis;
Adew Groffars, Nikfonis, and Bellis,
Oft haif we fairne owthruch the fellis.
Adew Robson, Howis, and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis.
Littis, Trumblis, and Amefrangis;
Adew all theivis that me belangis!
Tayyeouris, Erewynis, and Eskvandis,
Speidy of slicht, and slicht of handis;
The Scottis of Eifdaill, and the Gramis,
I haif na tyme to tell your namis.
With King Correctionoun be ye sangit,
Beleif richt feur ye will be hangit.

IST Sarjand.

Speid hand man with thy clitter clattar.

Thift.

For Goddis saik, man, lat me mak wattr.
Howbeid I haif bene catt ll gredy,
It is schame to pische in a widdy.

Heir fall Flattery bang Thift.
2 Sarjand.

Cum heir, Dissait, my companyeoun.
Saw evir man lykar ane loun
To hing upoun ane Gallowis?

Dissait.

This is anewcht to mak me mangit.
De'ill fell me, sen I mon be hangit,
Lat me speik with my fallowis.
I trow, man, Fortoun brocht me heir.
Quhat mekill fiend maid me fa speidy?
Sen it was said, it was sevin yeir,
That I sowld waif into a widdy.
I leird, my maisteris, to be greidy:
Adew for I se na remeid,
Se quhat it is to be evyll deidy.

2d Sarjand.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid.
Stand still, me think ye draw abak.

Dissait

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

2d Sarjand.

It will hurt bettir, I wid ane plak,
Richt now, quhen ye hing on ane knag.
Dissait.

Adew my maisteris Marchand Men,
I haif ye serwit, as ye ken,
Trewly, baith air and lait,
I say to yow, for conclusion,
I dreid ye gang to confusioun,
Fra tyme ye want Dissait.
I leird you, Merchandis, mony a wyle,
Upaalands wyves for to begyle,
Upoun the marcat day,
And gart thame trew your stuff was gude,
Quhen it wes rottin be the rude;
And sweir it was not swayne.
I was ay roundand in your eir;
And levid yow for to bane and sweir,
Quhat your geir coist in France,
Howbeid the Divill a werd was trew.
Your craftiness gif Correction knew
Wald turne yow to myschance.
I lerid yow wylis mony fawld,
To mix the new wyne with the awld,
That saffone was na folly.
To fell richt deir, and by gud chaip;
And mix ry meill amang the saip,
And saffrone with aylldolly.
Forget not okar, I counfall yow,
Mair nor the Vicar dois the cow,
Or Lordis thair dowbill maill.

Howbeid
Howbeid your elwand be to scant,
Or your pound nocht twa uncis want,
Think that bot littill faill:
Adew the grit clan Jamesoun,
The blude royall of Cowpar toun,
I was ay to yow trew.
Baith Andersone, and Paterfone:
Abone thaim all Thome Williamfone
My absens fair will rew.
Thome Williamfone, it is your pairt
To pray for me with all your hairt,
And think upon my werkis;
How I leird you ane gud leffoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburch toun,
The bishop and his clerkis.
Ye young Marchands may cry Allace,
Lucklaw, Welands, Carncrofs, Douglace,
Yon curst king ye may ban.
Had I levit bot half an yeir,
I scould haif leird yow craftis perqueir
To begyle wyffe and man.
How may ye Marchandis mak debaitht,
Fra ye want me your man Dissait,
For yow I mak grit cair.
Withowt I ryis fra deid to lyve,
I wat weill ye will nevir thrythe,
Fardar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall Dissait be hangit.

IST SAR
OF THE VICES.

1ST SARJAND.

Cum heir, FALSAT, and mens this gallowis
Ye mon hing up amang your fallowis,
For your cancart condioun.
Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit;
Thairfoir but dowt ye fall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioun.

FALSET.

Allace! mon I be hangit to?
Quhat mekill Divill is this ado?
How cum I to this cummer?
My gud maisteris, ye CRAFTISMEM, 
Want ye FALSAT full weill I ken
You will die all for hunger.
Ye men of craft may cry Allace;
Quhen ye want me ye want your Grace.
Thairfoir put into wryte
My lessonis that I did yow leir.
Howbeid the commounis ene ye bleir,
Count ye not that a myte.
Find me ane wobstar that is leill,
Or ane wakar that will not fleill,
(Thair craftines I ken;)
Or ane millar that hes na salt,
That will fleill nowder meill, nor malt,
Hald thame for hely men.
At our flefchouris tak ye na greif,
Thocht ye blaw lene muttone and beif,

To
THE PUNISHMENT

To gerd fems fatt and fair;
Thay think that practik but a mow.
Howbeid the Divill a thing it dow,
To thame I leird that lair.
I leird Talyouris, in every toun,
To schaip fyve quarteris fra a goun
In Angyst and in Fife.
To Upalandis Taylyeouris I gaid gud leive.
To steil a silly slump, or sleive,
To Kiktok his awin wyff.
My gud maister Andro Fortoun,
Off talyeouris that may weir the croun,
For me he will be hangit;
Talyeour Beverege, my son and air,
I wait for me will rudly rair,
Fra tyme he se me hangit.
The bairfit dekin Jamie Raff,
Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,
Becaus he cannot sleill;
Willy Caidyeich will mak na pleid,
Howbeid his wyff want beif and breid,
Yet he gud mat and meill.
To the browftaris of Cowpar toun
I leif tham my blak malesoun,
Als hairtelly as I may.
To mak thin aill thay think na salt
Off mekill barme, and littill malt,
Agane the mercat day.
And thay can mak withowttyn dowt
A kind of aill thay call barnis owt.

Wait
OF THE VICES.

Wait ye how thay mak that?
A coubroun quene, a laichly lurdane,
Off strang welche sheill tak a jurdane
And setcis in the pylefat.
Quha drinkis of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all thair harnis rage.
That jurdane I may rew
It gart my heid rin hiddy giddy.
Schyrs, God nor I de in a widdy
Gif this taill be not trew.
Speir at the Sowttar Geordy Fellie,
From tyme that he hes filld my belly,
With this unhelsum aill.
Than all the baxtaris will he ban,
That mixt breid with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir meill.
Adew, my maisteris, wrichtis and masonis,
I neid not leir yow ony lessonis;
Yow knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew blaksmithis, and beremeris,
Adew the stinkind cordenowris,
That fellis the schone and eir.
Goldsmyths fairweill, abone thame all,
Remember my memorial
With many ane crafty cast.
To mix set ye not by twa prenis,
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
Lyk as I leirld yow laft.
Quhen I was lugit upaland,
The shipherdis maid to me ane band
Richt craftelly to steill.
Than did I gif ane confirmation
Till all the schipherdis of this natioun,
That thay sowld nevir be leill;
And ilk ane to refsett ane uder;
I knews fals schipherdis fifty fuder
War all thair cairsteleis kend.
Quhow thay mak thair conventiounis
On mountains far fra any townis;
God lat thame nevir mend.
Amang craftismen it is ane wounder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder;
The trewth I to yow tell.
Adew I man na langar tary:
I mon pass to the king of Fary,
Or ellis straicht way till hell.

[Heir fall be luik up to his marrowis, that ar bangand
and say:
Waes me for the gud Commoun THIFT;
Was nevir man maid mar honest chift
His levin for to win.
Thair wes nocht in all Liddisdaill
That ky mair craftelly could steill,
Quhar thow hingis on that pin.
Sawthan reffaiff thy sawle DISSAITT,
Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my fadar' bruder.
'Duill fell the filly marchand men!
To mak thame service well I ken
Sall nevir get an uder.

[Heir
O F T H E V I C E S. 195

[Hear fall Flattery fasten the cord about his neck; and thairfiir Falsat fell say:

Gif ony man lift for to be my mait,
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
Cum follow me all cative covetous kings,
Revaris but richt of uther menis realmis and ringis.
Together with all wrangous conquerouris;
And bring with you all publick oppressouris;
With Pharo, King of the Egyptians;
With him in hell fall be your recompence.
All crewill scheddaris of blude innocent,
Cum follow me, or ellis rin and repent*.
And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie;
Without at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
In hidouss hell I fall prepair thair places.
Cum follow me all fals corruptit juges,
With Ponce Pylat I fall prepair your luggis.
All the officiallis that partis men with thair wyvis,
Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
With all fals ledaris of the constry law;
With wantone scrybis, and clarkis all in ane raw,
That to the peur maks mony partiall trane,
Syne bodie ad octo, gars thame cum agane.
And ye that takgis reward at baith the handis,
Ye fall with me be bund in Bellials bandis.
Cum follow me all curst unhappy wyvis,
That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and fryvis,

* Here a line wanting.
THE PUNISHMENT

And quyrely wirh rebaldis makkis repair,
And takkis na cair to mak ane wrangus air.
Ye fall in hell rewardit be, I wene,
With Jesabell of Itraell the quene.
I haif ane curs unhappy wyf myself,
Wal God sche war befoir me intill hell.
That bismair war sche thair, withowttyn dowt;
Owt of hell the divill sche wald ding owt.
Ye mareit men evin as ye luif your wyvis *
My wyffe with priestis sche did me grit unricht;
And maid me nyne tymes cukald in ane night.
Fairweill, for I mon to the widdy wend;
For quhy Falsat maid nevir ane bettir end.

[Heir fall Flattrty king him up; and a kae fall be
castin up, as it were his sawle,

Flattrty.

Haif I nocht schaippit the widdy weill?
Ye that I haif be sweit St. Jeill;
For I had nocht bene wrangit,
(Becaufs I servit, be all hallowis,)
To haif bene merchillit with my fallowis,
And heich abone thame hangit.
I maid far ma fallis than my maitis;
I begyle all the three esstaitis,
With my ypocresie.
Quhen I haid on the freiris hude,
All men beleivy't that I wes gude;

* Another line wanting
OF THE VICES. 197

Now juge ye gif I lie.
Tak ane rakles rubratour,
Ane theif, ane tirrand, or ane tratour,
Off every vyce the plant,
Gif him the habit of ane frier;
The wyvis will trew withowttyn weir
He be ane very fantt.
I know the cowill and skaiplary
Generis moir hait nor cheretie;
Thocht thay be blak or blew,
Quhat halenes is thair within?
Ane woulf cled in ane lambis skin!
Juge ye gif this be trew.
Since I half schaipit this fery fary.
Adew! I will na langar tary
To cummer yow with my clatter.
Bot I will with ane humill spreit
Ga serve the Hermeit of Lawreit,
And leir him for to flatter.

[Exit.]

Gude Counsell.

Or ye depaist, Syr, off this regioun,
Gif Johnie the Commoun weill ane gay garmoun
Becaus the Commoun Weill hes bene our luikit;
That is the caufs that Common Weill is cruickit.
With singular profeit hes his bene suppessyt.

Correctionoun.

Als ye haif said, fader, I am content.
Sarwands gif Johnie ane new habilyiement,
Off fartyne, damafs, or of velvuyt fine,
And gif him ples into our parliament fyne.

COMMOUN WEILL.
All wirtous pepill, yow may be resofit,
Sen COMMOUN WEILL hes gottyn ane gay garmoun.
And ignorantis owt of the kirk depofyt.
Devoit doctorris, and clarkis of renoun,
And GUD COUNSALL, with Ledy VERETIE,
Ar profeft with our Kingis Majestie.
Blift be that realme, that hes ane prudent king,
Quihilk does delaet to heir the veritie,
Punifissing thame quhilk planely dois maling
Contrar the Commoun Weill, and Equetie!
Thair may na pepill haif prosperetie,
Quhar ignorance hes the dominioun,
And Commoun Weill be tirrandis strampit doun.
THE preceding pages were printed before any copy of David Lindfay's Satyre, or Play, came to the hands of the editor, that piece being extremely scarce. Having at length been so fortunate as to procure the loan of the edition printed at Edinburgh in 1602, 4to *, the following variations have appeared between the Play and the Interludes here published.

The Play presents one continued succession of action, undivided into Interludes. The order is also different, as will appear by the following statement.

Interlude I. is wanting; but, from the Prologue, it palpably forms a part of the Play. It seems that this

* The copy before me bears at the end to have been printed by R. Charteris at Edinburgh, 1602; but there is a false title prefixed, printed at London, bearing "The Works of Sir David Lindfay, &c. Imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Charteris, printer to the King's most excellent majestie, and are to be solde in London by Nathaniel Butter, &c. 1604." This title was apparently intended for the edition of Lindfay's Works by Charteris 1602, 4to, in which the "fundrie works never before imprinted" seem to refer to the Play only, for of all Lindfay's other works preceding editions are known. The book is in Roman letter of 155 pages, (really only 151, for p. 77 is put by mistake for 73, and the error is continued:) the pages are of 32 lines. The second title is, "Ane pleasent Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis, in commendatioun of vertue, and vituperatioun of vyce, as followis:" the running title, "S. D. LIND. SATYRE." A peculiarity is, that the obscene or objectionable passages are marked, by the printer, at the beginning of the line thus [ ].

P 2 Interlude
Interlude was acted on the first representation of the Play at Coupar in Fife; but was omitted on the more solemn representation at Edinburgh, on account of its local circumstances, and gross obscenity.

Interlude II. begins the Play (p. 1—20) as here: but Act II. is, in the Play, deferred to p. 42, corresponding to Interlude VI. Scene 4.

Interlude V. follows Int. II. (p. 20—30).

Interlude VI. succeeds: in which is inserted Int. II. Act II. as just mentioned, followed by Scene 5, Int. VI. (p. 30—49).

Interlude VII. next appears, beginning at Scene 1. the Prologue being rightly put as the Epilogue to Part I. of the Play (49—63)

After Scene 6. of Int. VII. and some additions, occurs the Epilogue mentioned; and the end of Part I. of the Play.

Interlude III. begins the Second Part of the Play, p. 64—80.

Scene 7. Int. VII. follows (Play, p. 83—109, but with numerous passages here omitted).

Interlude VIII. is next given (Play, p. 109—143, but with still larger insertions).

Interlude IV. concludes the Play (p. 144—155.)

Having thus stated the progress of the play, the various passages omitted in the MS. shall be given with exact references; and afterwards such minute corrections, and various readings, as appeared worthy of attention: so that the present may be a complete edition, both of the MS. Interludes, and of the Play.

P. 36.
Mehocht I hard ane mirrie sang:
I the command in haist to gang,
Se quhat yon mirth may mene.

Wantoness. I trow Sir, &c.

P. 80. These four lines are wanting at the end of this Interlude, Play p. 79.

Diligence. Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
Suyith smakes, out of the feild, away!
Into ane presoun put them sone,
Sym hang them quhen the play is done.

Then follows Interlude VII. Scene 7.

P. 56. The mention of King Correction seems to imply that the arrangement of the Play is right.

P. 91. Eight lines beginning at l. 2, are not in the Play.

P. 99. At the close of this Interlude. the Play concludes with this address, p. 154, 155.

Diligence. Famous peopil, hartlie I yow requyre,
This lytil sport to tak in patience:
We traiist to God, and we leif ane uther yeir,
Quhair we have failit, we fall do diligence
With mair pleasure to mak yow recompence.
Becaus we have bene sum part tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence;
Likewyse perchance to sum men odious.
Now let ilk man his way avance;
Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance.
Menstrel blaw up ane brawl of France,
Let fe quha hobbils best.
For I will rin incontinent
To the tavern, or ever I stent,
And pray to God omnipotent
To send you all gude rest.

P. 106. Scene 3. The following stanzas occur in the
commencement of this scene, P. p. 22.

'Disfait. Stand by the gait, that I may fleir.

Aisay Koks bons how cam I heir?
I can not mis to take sum feir,
Into sa greit ane thrang.
Marie, heir ane cumlie congregatioun!
Quhat ar ye sirs all of ane nation?
Maistiers, I speik be protestatioun,
In dredit ye tak me wrang.
Ken ye not, Sirs, quhat is my name?
Gude faith I dar not schaw it for shame;
Sen I was clekit of my dame,
Yet was I never leil.

For Katie Unsel was my mother,
And Common Thief my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane fither,
Howbeit I cannot fleil.
Bot yit I will borrow and len;
As be my cleathing ye may ken,
That I am cum ot nobill men,
And als I will debait,
That quarrel with my feit and hands;
And I dwell among the merchands.
My name gif onie man demands,
They call me Disfait,
_Bon geur broder, &c._
P 125. *We fall him bring, &c.*

*Rex.* I will fit till heir, and repois,

Speid you again to me, my jois.

*Falsat.* Ye hardlie, Sir, keip yow in clois;

And quyet, till we cum again:

Brother, I trow be coks toes

Yon bairdit bogill cums for ain twaine.

*Diffait.* Gif he dois fa, he fal be slaine;

I doubt him nocht, nor yit ane uther:

Trow it I that he cum for ane train;

Of my freinds I fuld rais ane futher.

*Flattlie.* I dreid full fair, &c. (Play, p. 31.)

P 155. *Their sperittis to rejoyis.*

And richt fa hauking, and hunting,

Ar honest pastimes for ane king,

Into the tyme of peace;

And leirne to rin ane heavie spear,

That he, into the tyme of wear,

May follow at the cheace.

*Rex.* *Qubair is Sapience, &c. (Play, p. 61.)*

P 129. Large omissions now appear. At the end of this Scene (Play, p. 33), about two pages are found in the Play which are omitted in the MS.

That mouth speik mair my awin deir brother,

For God nor I rax in ane raip,

Thou may gif counfal to the Paip.

[Now they return to the King.

*Rex.* Quhat gart yow bid fa lang fra my presence?

I think it lang since ye depairtit thence.
Quhat man was yon, with an greit bostous beird?  
Methocht he maid yow all thrie very feard.

**Diffait.** It was ane laidlie lurdan loun,
Cumde to break buithis into this toun.
Wee have gart bind him with ane poill,
And send him to the theisis hoill.

**Rex.** Let him sit thair, with ane mischance:
And let us go to our paftance.

**Wantonnes.** Better go revell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat:
Or then, to schaw our curtlie corffes,
Ga se quha best can rin thair horffes.

**Solace.** Na, Soveraine, or we farther gang,
Gar Sensualitie sing ane sang.

[Heir fall the Ladies sing ane sang; the King fall ly
down amang the Ladies; and then Veritie fall enter.

**Veritie.** Diligite justiciam qui judicatis terram.
Luif Juftice, ye quha hes ane Judges cure,
In earth, and dreid the awfull judgement
Of him, that fall cum judge baith rich and puir,
Rycht terribilly, with bludy wounds rent,
That dreidful day into your harts imprent:
Belevand weill how, and quhat maner, ye
Ufe Juftice heir til uthers, thair at lenth
That day, but doubt, fa fall ye judgit be.

Wo than, and duill, be to yow Princes all,
Sufferand the puir anes for till be opprest!
In everlasting burnand fyre ye fall,
With Lucifer, richt dulfullie be drefr.
Thairfoir in tyme, for till eschaip that nest,

Feir
Feir God, do law, and justice equally
Till every man: se that no puir oppreft
Up to the hevin on yow ane vengeance cry.
   Be just judges, without favour or fead,
And hauuld the ballance euin till everie wicht.
Let not the fault be left into the head,
Then shall the members realit be at richt.
For quhy, subiects do follow, day and nicht,
Thair governours in vertew and in vyce.
Ye ar the lamps that sould schaw them the licht:
Lo leid them on this fliddrie rone of yee.
Mobile mutatur semper cum princepe vulgus.
And gif ye wald your subiects war weil gevin,
Then verteouloslie begin the dance your fell,
Going befoir; then they anone, I wein,
Sall follow yow, either till hevin or hell.
Kings sould of gude exempills be the well:
Bot gif that your strands be intoxicate,
Insteid of wyne, they drink the poyson fell.
Thus pepill follows ay thair principate.
Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, ut videant opera
vestra bona.
And speciallie, ye princes of the Preiifts,
That of peopill has spiritual cuir,
Dayly ye sould revolve into your breiitis,
How that thir haly words ar still maift sure;
In verteous lyf gyf that ye do indure,
The pepill will tak mair tent to your deids,
Than to your words: and als baith rich and puir
Will follow yow, baith in your works and words.
[Heir fal Flattrie spy Veritie with ane dum countenance.

Gif men of me, &c. Play, p. 35.


[Heir thay cum to the Spiritualitie.

Flattrie. O reverent fatheris of the spirituall stait!

We counsaill yow be wyse and vigilant.

Dame Veritie hes lichtit now of lait,
And in hir hand beirand the New Testament.
Be scho réflavit, but doubt wee ar bot schent:
Let hir nocht judge thairfoir into this land.
And this wee Reid yow do incontinent,
Now qhill the King is with his luif fleipand.

Spiritualitie. Wee thank yow, freinds, of your benevolence.

It fall be done, evin as ye have devyfit.
We think ye serve ane gudlie recompence,
Defendand us, that we be nocht suppysit.
In this mater we man be weil advyfit:
Now qhill the King misknawis the veritie,
Be scho réflavit, then we will be deprysit.
Quhat is your counsell, brother, now let se?

Abbot. I hauld it best, that we incontinent
Gar hauld hir faist into captivitie,
Unto the thrid day of the Parliament,
And then accuse hir of hir herisie;
Or than banish hir out of this cuntrie.
For with the King gif Veritie be knawin,
Of our greit gloire we will degradit be;
And all our secreits to the Comouns schawin.

Perìone.
Perfone. Ye fe the King is yit effeminate,
And gydit be dame Sensualitie,
Rycht fa with young counsal intoxicate;
Swa at this tyme ye haif your libertie.
To tak your tyme I hauld it best, for me,
And go distroy all thir Lutherians,
In special yon lady Veritie.

Spiritual. Schir Perfone, ye fall be my commissair,
To put this mater till executioun;
And ye, Sir Freir, becaus ye can declar
The haill processe, pass with him in commissioun.
Pas all togidder with my braid bennifoun;
And gif scho speiks against our libertie,
Then put hir in perpetuell prisoun,
That sche cum nocht to King Humanitie.

[Heir fall thay pas to Veritie.

Perfone. Lustie Ladie, we wald faine understand,
Quhat earand ye haif in this regioun?
To preich, or teich, quha gaif to you command?
To counsal Kings how gat ye commissioun?
I dreid, without ye git ane remissiun,
And fyne renunce your new opiniones,
The spiritual stait fall put you to perdition,
And in the fyre will burne yow, flesch and bones.

Veritie. I will recant nathing that I have schawin;
I have said nathing bot the veritie.
Bot with the King fra tyme that I be knawin,
I dreid ye spaiks of Spiritualitie
Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntrie;
For gif the veritie plainlie war proclamit,
And speciallie to the King's Maiestie,
For your traditions ye will be all desamit.
P. 132. bottom.

Tak thir ten crownis for your rewarid.

Veritie. The prophesie of the Prophet Esay
Is practickit, alace, on mee this day,
Quha said the veritie sould be trampit doun
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun;
His fyve and fyftie chapter quha lift luik
Sall find thir words writtin in his buik.
Richt sa Sanct Paul wrytis to Timothie,
That men fall turne thair earis from veritie.
Bot in my Lord God I have esperance,
He will provide for my deliverance.
Bot ye, princes of Spiritualitie,
Quha sould defend the sincere veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Johnes Revelatioun
Sall fall upon your generatioun;
I counfal yow this misse t' amend
Sa that ye may eschaip that fatal end.

P. 133. bottom. Play, p. 40.

Amang the rest of Spiritualitie.

Chastitie. I grant yon ladie hes vowit chastitie,
For hir profesioun thairto sould accord.
Scho maid that vow for ane Abefie,
Bot nocht for Christ Jefus our Lord.
Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I fland ford,
They banish hir out of their cumpanie:
With Chastitie thay can mak na concord,
Bot leids thair lyfis in sensualiitie.
I fall observe your counfal, gif I may,
Cum on, and heir quhat yon ladie will say.
[Chastitie passis to the Ladie Priores, and sayis
My prudent luftie, Ladie Priores,
Remember how ye did vow chastitie,
Madame, I pray yow of your gentilnes,
That ye wald pleis to haif of me pide;
And this ane nicht to gif me harberie.
For this I mak you supplicatioun.
Do ye nocht fa, Madame, I dreid perdie,
It will be caus of depravatioun.

Priores. Pas hynd, Madame, be Christ you cum nocht heir,
Ye ar contrair to my complexioun.
Gang seik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir,
Perchance thay will be your protection;
Or to Prelats mak your progressioun,
Qhilks ar obleist to yow, als weil as I.
Dame Sensuall hes gevin direction
You till exclude out of my cumpany.

Chast. Gif ye wald wit mair of the veritie,
I fall schaw yow be sure experience,
How that the lords of Spiritualitie
Hes beneist me, alace, fra thair presence.

[Chastitie passis to the Lords of Spiritualitie.
My lords, laud, gloir, triumph, and reverence,
Mot be unto your halie spiritual stait!
I yow besieik, of your benevoleuce,
To harbry mee that am so desolait.
Lords, I have past throw mony uncouth schyre,
Bot in this land I can get na ludging.
Of my name gif ye wald haif knawledging,

Forfuith,
Forfuith, my lords, they call me Chaftitie.
I you beseech, of your graces bening.
Gif me judging this nicht for charitie.

Spiritualitie. Pas on, Madame, we know you nocht;
Or be him that the warld wrocht
Your cumming fall be richt deir cost,
Gif ye mak langer tarie.

Abbot. But doubt we will baith leif and die
With our luif Sensualitie;
Wee will haif na mair deall with the
Then with the Queene of Farie.

Parfone. Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,
Qhillks ar of chaftitie the well;
I traift thay will, with buik and bell,
Reflave you in thair closter.

Chaftitie. Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,
Out of their dortour they mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bid fa lang
To say my Paternofter.
I see na grace thairfoir to get.
I hauld it best, or it be lait,
For till go prove the Temporal stait,
Gif thay will mee resaift.

Gud day my lord Temporalitie,
And yow merchant of gravitie,
Ful faine wald I have harberie
To ludge amang the laif.

Temporal. Forfuith we wald be weil content
To harbrie yow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment,
For quhy, we twa ar maryit.
Bot wift our wyfis that ye war heir,
Thay wold mak all this town on steir.
Thairfoir we Reid yow rin areir
In dredit ye be miscaryit.

Chast. Ye men of craft of greit ingyne, &c.
as Interlude II. Act ii.
P. 134. The same stanzas occur p. 57.
P. 135. A stanza wanting.

Diligence. Hoaw Solace! gentil Solace, declair unto
the King,
How thair is heir ane ladie fair of face,
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place,
Without the king, of his especiall grace,
As ane servand hir in his court re siaf.
Brother Solace, tell the King all the cace,
That scho may be refavit amang the laif.

Solace. Soveraine get up, &c. Play, p. 47.
P. 141. This prologue in the Play, p. 62, more pro-
perly forms the epilogue to part I. of the Play.
P. 142. Scene i. immediately follows the former in-
terlude.
P. 147. Correex. Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam.
Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of Peace, above all Kings King,
Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoye,
And all misdoars dourlie to down thring.
I will do nocht without the conveining
Ane Parliament of the estaites all;
In thair presence I fall, but seinyeing,
Iniquitie under my sword doun thrall.
Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill,
Bot gif his counsell thairto will assist.
How may he knaw the thing maift profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis to refist,
Without he be instruacht and solist?
And quhen the King stands at his counsell found,
Then welth fall wax, and plentie as he lift,
And policie fall in his realm abound.

Gif ony lift my name for till inquyre,
I am callit Divine Correctioun.
I fled through mony uncouth land and schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk natioun.
Now am I cum into this regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang unsawin;
To punishe tyrants for thair transgressioun;
And to caus leill men live upon thair awin.
Na realme, nor land, but my support may stand.
For I gar Kings live into royaltie:
To rich and puir I beir an equal band,
That thay may live into thair awin degrie.
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie:
Be me trators and tyrants ar put doun,
Quha thinks na schame of their iniquitie
Till thay be punished be mee Correctioun.
Quhat is ane King? Nocht bot an officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God to be ane punisher
Of trespassours against his Maiestie.
Bot quhen the King dois live in tyrannie,
Breakand justice for fear or affectioun,
Then is his realme in weir and povertie,
With shamefull slaughter, but correction.
I am ane judge, &c. (Play, p. 52, 53.)

P. 150. end of Scene 4.

(Correction passis towards the King: with Verite, Chastitie, and Gude Counsell.

Wantonnes. Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings as he wald fle.
Brother, quhat may this mein?
I understand nocht be this day
Qhidder that he be freind or fay?
Stand still and heare quhat he will fay;
Sic ane I haif nocht fene.

Solace. Yon is ane stranger, I stand forde;
He femes to be ane lustie lord.
Be his heir-cumming for concord,
And be kinde till our King,
He fall be welcome to this place,
And treatit with the Kingis grace.
Be it nocht fa we fall him chace,
And to the divell him ding.

Placebo. I Reid us put upon the King;
And walkin him of his sleiping.
Sir, rise and se an uncouth thing.
Get up, ye ly too lang.

Sensualitie. Put on your huide, John Fule, ye raif.
How dar ye be fo pert, Sir Knaif,

Vol. II.
LINDSAY'S

To tuich the King? Sa Christ me saif
Fals huirfone thow fall hing.

Correct. Get up, Syr King, &c. (Play, p. 55, 56.)
P. 151. bottom, I lat you wint, &c.

Adew Sir King, I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that als gude luife cums as gais.
I recommend yow to the Queene of Farie ;
I fe ye will be gydit with my fais.
As for this King, I cure him nocht twa strais.
War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais :
Na earthlie joy but my presence avails.

[Heir fall, sches past to Spiritualite.

My Lords of the Spirituall stait,
Venus preserue yow air and lait !
For I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with your king ;
And am baneischt this regioun,
By counsell of Correctioun.
Be ye nocht my protecUioun
I may feik my ludging.

Spir. Welcome our dayis darling ;
Welcome with all our hart ;
We all, but fein ye ing,
Sall plainlie tak your part.

[Heir fall the Bishops, Abbots, and Parsons kis the Ladies.

Correct. Sen ye are quyt, &c. (Play, p. 57.)
P. 152. Correct. Now Sir tak tent quhat I will say,
Observe thir fame baith nicht and day,
And let them never part yow fray ;

Or
Or els, withoutin doubt,
Turne ye to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
Out of your realme richt schamefullie
Ye fall be ruttit out.
As was Tarquin, the Roman King,
Quha was for his vicious living,
And for the schameful ravishing
Of the fair chaste Lucre.
He was degraidit of his crown,
And baneit of his regioun:
I maid on him correctioun,
As stories dois expres.

Rex. I am content, &c. (Play, p. 58.)

P. 153. The stanza deficient is thus to be supplied:
Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
Rycht fa the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haift for to compeir,
In thair maist honorabill maneir,
To gif us, &c.

P. 156. How fall I keep my realme in rest?
Gude Counf. Initium sapientiae est timor Domini.
Sir, gif your hienes yearnis lang to ring,
First dread your God abuif all uther thing,
For ye ar bot ane mortall instrument
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
Preordinat to his divine Maiestie
To reull his peopill intill unitie.
The principall point, Sir, of ane Kings office
Is for to do to everilk man justice,
And for to mix his justice with mercie,
But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
Forsooth it is na little observance
Great regions to have in observance.
Quhaever taks on him that Kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa he suld be fuir:
Great paine and labour and that continuall;
Or ellis to have defame perpetuall.
Quha guydis weill, they win immortal fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame.
Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand yeir
Thair life at lenth rehearst fall be perqueir.
The Chroniklis to knaw I yow exhort;
Thair fall ye finde baith gude and euill report:
For everie Prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid his deids fall neuer die.
Sir, gif ye please for to use my counfall,
Your fame and name fall be perpetuall.

[Heir fall the messinger Diligence return, and cry a
Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, a Hoyyes, and say,
At the command of King Humanitie, &c. as here, p.
141, 142. (Play, p. 62, 63.) to the line
The best part of our Play: then follows,
"The End of the first part of the Satyre. Now fall
the pepill mak collatioun, then beginnis the Interlude,
the Kings, Bischops, and principal players, being out of
their seats."

Part II.
The Puirman and the Pardoner, as Int. III. Play, p.
64—80. After this occurs Scene 7. p. 157. but the
following pages are previously inferted.

[Heir
[Heir fall Diligence mak his proclamation.
Diligence. Famous peopill tak tent, and ye fall fe
The thrie estaits of this natioun
Cum to the court, with ane strange gravitie;
Thairfoir I mak yow supplicationoun,
Till ye have heard our haile narratioun,
To keip silence, and be patient I pray yow:
Howbeit we speik bot adulationoun,
We fall say nathing bot the faith I say yow.
Gude verteous men, that luifes the veritie,
I wait thay will excufe our negligence;
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie;
As feineyeit fals flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit they cry on us ane loud vengence,
And of our pastyme make ane fals report;
Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience,
And us refer unto the faithful fort?
Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paul,
Culd not compleis the peopill all,
But sum were misconent;
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said that it war heresie
Be thair maist fals judgement.

[Heir fall the Thrie Estait com fra the palycoun,
gangand back-wart, led be thair vyces.
Wantonnes. Now braid benedicite!
Quhat thing is yon that I se?
Luke Solace, my hart.

Q 3
Solace
Solace. Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?
Yon are the Thrie Eftaits I trow,
Gangand backwart.

Wanton. Backwart, Backwart! Out wallaway!
It is greit schame for them, I say,
Backwart to gang.
I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformation,
Or it be lang.
Now let us go, and tell the King.
Sir, we have see ane mervelous thing
Be our judgement.
The Thrie Eftaits of this region
Ar cummand backwart throw this toun
To the Parliament.

Rex. Backwart, backwart! How may that be?
Gar speid them haifelie to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.

Placebo. Sir, I se them yonder cummand,
Thay will be heir evin fra hand.
Als fast as thay may gang.

Gude Coun/. Sir, hald you still and skar them nocht,
Till ye persave quhat be their thocht,
And se quhat men them leids.
And let the King Correctioun
Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen ye ken the occasioun
That maks them sic persuasioun,
Ye may expell the caus:

Syne
Syne them reform, as ye think best,
Sue that the realme may live in reft
According to Gods laws.

[Heir fall the Thrie Eftaits cum, and turne their
faces to the King:

Spir. Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
Be to your michtie prudent excellence!
Heir ar we cum, all the Eftaits Thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At your command with humble observance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsel of the Temporalitie.

Temp. Sir, we, with michtie curage at command,
Of your super-excellent Majestie
Sall mak service, baith with our hart and hand,
And fall not dreid in thy defence to die.
Wee ar content, but doubt, that we may see
That nobile heavenlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Marchand. Sir we ar heir your burgeffis and merchands,
Thanks be to God that we may se your face,
Traistand we may now into divers lands
Convey our geir, with support of your grace.
For now I traist wee fall get rest and peace;
Quhen misdoars are with your sword ore-thrawin,
Then may leil m rchands live upon their awin.

Rex. Welcum to me my prudent lords all;
Ye ar my members, suppois I be your heid.
Sit down, that we may with your just counfall
Aganis misdoars find soveraine remed.
Wee fall nocht spair, for favour nor for seid,
With your avice to mak punitiou, 
And put my sword to execution.

_Corr._ My tender friends, I pray you with my hart
Declair to me the thing that I wald speir,
Quhat is the caus that ye gang all backwart?
The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.

_Spirit._ Soveraine, we have gane sa this mony a yeir.
Howbeit ye think we go undecently,
Wee think we gang richt wonder pleasantly.

_Dilig._ Sit down my lords into your proper places;
Syne let the King consider all sic caces.
Sit down, Sir Scribe: and sit down, Dempster, to,
And fence the Court as ye were wont to do.

_[Thay ar set doun, and Guid Counsell fall pas to his seat._

_Rex._ My prudent lords, &c. (Play, p. 83.)

_P. 157._ And plane oppressouris, &c. Ibid.

_Spirit._ Quhat thing is this, Sir, that ye have devyfit?
Selvirs, ye have neid for till be weill advyfit.
Be nocht haistie into your executioun;
And be nocht our extreme in your punitiou.
And gif ye please to do, Sir, as wee say,
Postpone this Parlament till ane uthrer day.
For quhy? The peopill of this regioun
May nocht endure extreme correction.

_Correct._ Is this the part, my lords, that ye will tak,
To mak no supportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ye ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.

Suyith,
Suyith, Diligence, ga schaw it is our will,
That everilk man opprest geif in his bill.

Dilig. *All manner of men,* &c. (*Play*, p. 83.)

P. 159. *Ye that, Sir, garris,* &c.

*Rex.* Quhat is the caus the Common Weill is crukit?
*Jobne.* Becaus the Common-Weill has bene overlukit.

*Rex.* Quhat gars the luke fa with ane dreirie hart?
*Jobne.* Becaus the Thrie Estaits gangs all backwart.

*Rex.* Sir Common-Weill, knaw ye the limmers that them leids?

*Jobne.* Thair canker culfours I ken them be the heads.

As for our reverend faders, &c.

*Play*, p. 85.

*Ibid.* *Get up I think to se thy Craig,* &c.

Lae heir is Falset, and Dislat, weill I ken,
Leiders of the merchants and fillie crafts-men,
Quhat mervel tho:ht the Thrie Estaits backwart gang,
Quhen sic ane vyle cumpanie dwels them amang?
Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis;
Quhilk gars John the Common Weill want his warme clais.

Sir, call them befoir yow, and put them in ordour,
Or els John the Common Weill man beg on the bordour.


P. 161. [*Heir ar thay led,* &c. (*Play*, p. 86, 87.)

*Howbeit I se thy skap skyre skoird,*
Thou art ane stuvat I stand foird.  

(*transposed*)

2d *Serj.* Put in your leggis into the flocks,
For ye had never ane meiter hois.
Thir stewats flink as thay war broks;
Now art ye siker I suppose. [Pausa.
My Lords wee have done your commands.
Sall we put Covetice in captivitie?

Correft. Yea, hardlie lay on him your hands,
Rychter fa upon Sensualitie.

Spirit. This is my Grainter and my Chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould, and geir, under hir cuiris.
I mak ane vow to God, I fall complaine
Unto the Paip how ye do me injuris.

Covet. My Reverent Fathers tak in patience,
I fall noch lang remaine from your presence;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from your depaunt,
I wait my spreit fall remaine in your hart.
And quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then fall we twa returne incontinent.

Thairfoir adew.

Spirit. Adew; be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ye will, we ar twa naturall men.

Sensual. Adew, my lord.

Spirit. Adew, my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me that wee twa man depart!

Sensual. My Lord howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traitit in God we fall meit sone againe.

Spirit. To cum againe I pray you do your cure;
Want I yow twa, I may noch lang indure.

[Heir saul the Sergeants chafe them awaie, and they fall gang to the seat of Sensualitie.

Tempor. My Lords, ye knaw the Thrie Estaitis
For Common-weel suld mak debaits;
Let now amang us be devyfit
Sic aëtis, that with gude men be pryfit,
Conforming to the common law;
For of na man we fould stand aw.
And, for till faif us fra murmell,
Schone Diligence fetch us Gude Counsell.
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill Lawis.

_Dilig._ Father, ye man incontinent
Passe to the Lords of Parliament;
For quhy thay ar determinat all
To do na thing bye your counsell.

_Gude Coun._ That fall I do within schort space;
Praying the Lord to send us grace
For till conclude, or wee depart,
That thay may profet everwart
Baith to the Kirk, and to the King:
I fall desyre na uther thing.

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie.
Quhat is the cause ye send for me?

_Merchant._ Sit doun, and gif us your counsell,
How we fall slaik the great murmell
Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin;
And as the Common-weill hes schawin,
And als wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill,
Sir Common-weill, keep ye the bar,
Let nane except yourself cum nar.

_Johne._ That fall I do, as I best can,
I fall hauuld out baith wyfe and man.
Ye man let this puir creature
Support me for till keip the dure.
I knew his name full sickerly,
He will complain als weill as I.


P. 163. Thir juglars, &c.

Thir carriers and thir quintacensfouris.

Ibid. Qubilk laboris not, &c.

I mein, nocht laborand spirituallie,
Nor for thair living corporallie,
Lyand in dennis, like idill doggis;
I them compair to weil-fed hoggis.

I think thay do themselfis abuse,
Seeing that thay the world refuse,
Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne fleis faft fra necessitie.

Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe?
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous philosophour,
Seing in earth bot vaine labour,
Al utterlie the world refusit
And in ane tumbe himself inclusit;
And leisit on herbs, and water cauld;
Of corporal fude na mair he wald.

He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes
The world of him was cummerles.
Rycht fa of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull the first Hermeit;
All thir had povertie compleit.

Ane
Ane hundreth ma I micht declar;
Bot to my purpois I will fair,
Concluding sheuthful idilnes
Against the Common-weil expresse.

Correct. Quhob upon ma, &c. p. 164. (Play, p. 90.)
P. 169. Our parfone will not, &c. (Play, p. 94.)

Pauper. Our bishops, with their lustie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches royallie, and delyte.
Lyke paradice bene thair palices and places;
And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
Als thir Prelates hes great prerogatyves;
For quhy? Thay may depairt ay with thair wyves;
Without ony correction or damage;
Syne tak ane uther wantoner but marriage.
But doubt I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
Ay on, quhen I lift, to part with my wyfe,
Syne tak an uther of far greater beutie:
Bot ever, alace, My Lords, that may not be!
For I am bund alace in marriage;
Bot thay lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
Unpyfalt rinnis amang the fillie yowis,
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

Person. Thou lies, fals hairfun raggit loun,
Thair is na Preifls in all this toun
That ever usit sic vicious crafts.

Jobne. The fiend resfave thay flattrand chafts!
Sir Domine, I trowit ye had be dum.
Qhaur devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum?

Person. To speik of Preifts be sure it is na bours;
Thay will burn men now for rakles words:

And
And all thay words are herisie in deid.

*Jobne*. The mekil feind refave the faul that leid!
All that I say is trew, thoicht thou be greisit;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preisit.

*Spr.* My lords, why do ye thoil that lurdun loun
Of Kirkmen to speik sic detraclioun?
I let yow wit, My Lords, it is na boursd
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.
Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.

*Temp.* Quhy, my lord, sayis he ocht bot verity?
Ye can nocht stop ane puir man for till pleinyie,
Gif he hes sáltit summond him to your seinyie.

*Spr.* Yea that I fall, I mak greit God a vow,
He fall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of yon villaine.

*Pauper.* Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

*Spr.* Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

*Pauper.* The feind refave them that first devyfit that law!

Within an hour after my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

*Person.* Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our confuetude.

*Pauper.* Quhen I am Paip that law I fall put doun;
It is ane fair law for the pure commoun.

*Spr.* I mak ane vow thay words thou fal repent.

*Couns.* I yow requyre, my lords, be patient.
Wee came nocht here for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir of this your proposioun
Conclude, and put to execution.

Merchand. My Lords, conclude that all the temporal
lands
Be set in few to laboreris with their hands,
With sic restrictiouns as fall be devysit,
That thay may live, and nocht to be supplysit,
With ane ressonnabill augmentationoun;
And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun
That the Kings grace does mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harnis, bow, and speir;
As for myself, my lord, this I conclude.

Counsal. Sa say we all, your ressoun be so gude.
To mak an Act on this we ar content.

Jobne. On that, Sir Scribe, I tak an instrument.
Quhat do ye of the cors-present and kow ?

Counsal. I wil conclude nathing of that as now,
Without my lord of Spirituallitie
Thairto consent, with all this hail cleargie.
My lord Bischope, will ye thairto consent ?

Sprit. Na, na, never till the day of Judgment.
Wee will want nathing that wee have in use;
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

Temp. Forsuth my lorde, &c. (Play, p. 97.)
P. 169. Seven pages omitted.

Notar thairof I tak an instrument, (P. p. 97.)

Temp. My lord, be him that al the world has wrocht,
We set nocht by quhider ye consent or nocht ;
Ye ar bot an estait and we ar twa ;
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.
Quha taks office, and syne than can nocht us it,
Giver and taker I say ar baith abusit.
Ane Bishops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour;
Richt sa the Person, unto his parochon,
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane leffoun.
Thair sould na man desire sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office.
And for that caus I say, without leisfing,
Thay have thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

Sprit. Freind, quhair find ye that we fuld prechours be?

Counf. Luik quhat Sanct Paul writes unto Timothie;
Tak thair the buik, let se gif ye can spell
Sprit. I never red that, thairfor Reid it your sel.

[Counfall fall read thir wordis on ane buik.

Fidelis sermo, fi quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum
opus desiderat, oportet eum irreprehensibilem esse, unius
uxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum,
hospitalum, doctorem, non violentum, non
percussum, sed modestum. That is, This is a
true saying, If any man desire the office of a
Bishop, he defireth a worthie worke; A Bishop
therefore must be unproveable, the husband of
one wife, &c.

Spir. Ye temporal men, be him that heriyit hell,
Ye ar ovir peart with sic maters to mell.

Temp. Sit still, my lord, ye neid not for til braull;
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.
Spir. Sum sayis, be him that woare the crowne of thorne,
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

Counf. Bot ye may knaw, my lord, Sanct Paul's intent.
Schir, red ye never the New Testament?
Spir. Na, sir, be him that our lord Jesus fauld,
I red never the New Testament, nor Auld.
Nor ever thinks to do, Sir, be the Rude:
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

Counf. Till you to Reid them I think it is na lack;
For anis I saw them baith bund on your back.
That famin day that ye was consecrat.
Sir quhat meinis that?

Spir. The feind stick them that wat.

Merch. Then, befoir God how can ye be excusit,
To haif an office, and waits not how to us it?
Quhairfoir was gifin you all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds ye haif among your hands?
Thay war gifin yow for uther causes, I weine,
Nor munch matins, and hald your clayis cleine.
Ye say, to the Apostills that ye succeed,
Bot ye schaw nocht that, into word nor deid.
The law is plaine; our teinds fuld furnish teichours.

Counf. Yea, that it should; or susteine prudent preichours.

Pauper. Sir, God nor I be flickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Perison preichit in all his lyfe.

Person. Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, undocht?

Paup. Think ye that ye fuld have the teinds for nocht?
Pers. Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing?
Paup. Yea be Gods breid richt fone — war I ane King.

Pers. Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivation?
Paup. Na: I fuld gar them keip thair fundation.

Quhat devill is this, quhom of fould Kings stand aw?
To do the thing that they fould be the law?
War I ane king, be coks deir passioun,
I fould richt fone mak reformation;
Failyeand thairof your grace fould richt fone finde
That Preistis fall leid yow, lyke ane bellie blinde.

Johne. Quhat gif King David war leivand in this dayis?
The quhilk did found fa mony gay Abayis,
Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun,
And saw the great abominatioun
Amang thir Abessis, and thir Nunries,
Thair publick huirdomes, and thair harlotries?
He wald repent he narrowit fa his bounds,
Of yeirlie rent thriefcoir of thowland pounds,
His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges,
Of his devotioun, or of his holines.

Abbafe. How dar you, carle, presume for to declair?
Or for to mell the with fa heich a mater?
For in Scotland thair did yit never ring,
I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.
Of holines he was the verie plant,
And now in heavin he is ane michfull Sanct;
Becaus that fyftein Abbasis he did found;
Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound

LINDSAY'S

Inte
Into our Kirk, aud daylie yet abounds.
Bot Kings now I trow few Abbases founds.
I dar weill say thou ar condemnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals huirsun carle, thou art ovir arrogant
To judge the deids of sic ane halie sanct.

_Jobne._ King James the First, roy of this regioun,
Said that he was ane fair Sanct to the crown.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gave away mair nor he left behind.
His successours that holines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

_Abbas._ My lord Bischop, I mervel how that ye
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie?
For be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
Ye can nocht say bot it is heresie
To speik against our law and libertie.

_Spir._ Sancte pater, I mak yow supplicationn,
Exame yon carle, syne mak his dilatioun;
I mak ane vow to God Omnipotent
That bystour fal be brunt incontinent.

_[Flat.]_ Venerabile father, I fall do your command;
Gif he servis deid I fall fune understand.  
_[Pausa._
Fals huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

_Jobne._ Methink ye speik as ye war wraith.
To yow I will na thing declar,
For ye ar nocht my Ordinair.

_Flat._ Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit?
_Jobxe._ I trow to God to se the hangit.

_R 3_
War I ane King, be coks passioun,
I sould gar mak ane congregatioun
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
And mak yow vagers on the bordouris.
Sir, will ye give me audience,
And I fall schaw your excellencie,
Sa that your grace will give me leife,
How into God that I beleife.

Correct. Schaw furth your faith, and feinye nocht.

Jobne. I believe in God that all hes wrocht;
And creat every thing of nocht;
And in his son our Lord Jesu,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew,
Quha under Pylat tholit passioun,
And deit for our salvatioun,
And on the thrid day rais againe,
As halie scriptour schawis plane.
And als, my lord, it is weill kend
How he did to the heavin ascend,
And set him doun at the richt hand
Of God the father, I understand;
And fall cum Judge on Dumisday.
Quhat will ye mair, sir, that I say?

Correct. Schaw furth the rest; this is na game.

Jobne. I trow Sanctam Ecclesiam;
Bot nocht in thir Bischops nor freirs,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
Sard up the ta raw and doun the uther,
The mekill Devill refave the fidder!
Correft. Say quhat ye will, firs, be Sanct Tan,
Methink Johne ane gude Christian man.

Temp. My lords, let be your disputatioun;
Conclude with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats fra thyne fall be disponit.

Merch. I think for me evin as ye first proponit,
That the King's grace fall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane preichour that can use that office.
The fillie fauls, that bene Christis sheip,
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfs to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the herefies,
Bot the abusioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be corre&it,
Thinkand to na prince thay will be subjëctit.
Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kings man take in thair heid,
That thair be given to na man bishopries,
Except they preich out throch thair diofies;
And ilk persone preich in his parochon.
And this I say for finall conclusion.

Temp. Wee think your counsall is verie gude:
As ye have said wee all conclude.

Of this conclusioun No'er wee mak an Act.

Scrybe. I write all day bot gets never ane plack.

Pauper. Ha my lordis for the Holy Trinitie, &c.
P. 171. It is aganis our profeitt singular.
Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.

Temp. Your profeit is against the Common-weil;
It fall be done, my lords, as ye have wrocht,
We care nocht quhidder ye consent or nocht.
Quhairfoir servis then all thir Temporal Judges,
Gif temporal matters sould seik at yow refuges?
My lord, ye say that ye ar spiruall,
Quhairfoir mell ye than with things temporall?
As we have done conclude, so fall it stand.
Scribe put our Acts in ordour evin fra hand.

Sprit. Till all your Acts, &c. p. 171. Play, p. 106,

[Heir fall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair plaint at the bar.

Veritie. My Soverane, I besek your excellence
Use justice on Spiritualte;
The quhilk to us hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put us close into captivitie,
And sa remanit into subjeccioun,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we were fred be King Correctioun.

Chast. My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine,
I could get na judging intill this land;
The Spiritual Stait had me sa at difdane,
With Dame Sensuall thay have maid sic ane band,
Amang them all na friendship, Sirs, I fand;
And quhen I cam the nobill nunnis amang,
My lustie Ladie Prioress fra hand
Out of hir dortour durlie sche me dang.

Veritie.
Veritie. With the advyse, Sir, of the Parliament
Hairtlie we mak yow supplicatioun,
Cause King Correctioun tak incontinent
Of all this sort examinationoun.
Gif they be digne of deprivatioun,
Ye have power for to correct sic cases.
Chease the maist cunning Clerks of this natioune,
And put mair prudent pastours in their places.
My prudent lordis, I say that pure craftsmen
Abuse sum Prelats ar mair for to commend;
Gar exame them, and sa ye fall sune ken.
How thay in vertew Bishaps dois transcend

Scribe. Thy life, and craft, mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thou, declar that to me plaine?

Tailyeour. Ane Tailyeour, Sir, that can baith mak
and mend;
I wait nane better into Dumbartane.

Scr. Quhairfoir of tailyeours heirs thou the styl?
Tail. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myl
Can better use that craft, as I suppois:
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

Scr. How call thay you, Sir, with the schaiping knife?
Sowtar. Ane fowtar, sir, nane better into Fyse.
Scr. Tell me quhairfoir ane fowtar ye ar namit.
Sowt. Of that surname I need nocht be ahamit.
For I can mak fchone, brotekins, and buittis.
Gif me the coppie of the King's cuittis,
And ye fall se richt sune quhat I can do;
Heir is my lafts, and weill wrocht ledder, lo.
Coun. O Lord my God! this is ane merveleous thing
How sic misordour in this realmeould ring!
Sowtars and tailyeours thay ar far mair expert
In thair puir craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar Prelatis in thair vocioun.
I pray yow, firs, mak information.

Veritie. Alace, Alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings?
My Lordis, for lufe of Christ's passioun,
Of thir ignorants mak depravioun,
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich.
And put into thair places that can preich.
Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning Clarks,
That can stir up the peopill to gude warks.

Correct. As ye have done, Madame, I am content.
Hoaw Diligence! pas hynd incontinent,
And seik out throw all towns and cities,
And visit all the universitie;
Bring us sum Doctours of Divinitie,
With Licents in the Law and Theologie,
With the maift cunning Clarks in all this land.
Speid sune your way, and bring them heir fra hand.

Dilig. Quhat gif I find sum halie Provincial,
Or minister of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir that can preich prudentlie,
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie?

Correct. Cair thou nocht quhat eftait sa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
Maift cunning Clarks with us is best beluifit:
To dignitic thay fall be first promuifit.
Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or Freir, 
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir.

Dilig. Than fair-weil, Sir, for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to send yow all gude nicht.

[Heir fall Diligence pas to the palyeoun.

Temp. Sir. we beseik your soverane celltitude
Of our dochtours to have compassion,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude,
Without wee mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun.
For quhy? the markit raiisit bene fa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with sic superfluitie;
Thay will nocht spair to gif two thousand pound
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man;
In riches fa thay do superabound.
Bot we may nocht do fa, be Sanct Allane.
Thir proud Prelats our dochters fair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame fa lang unmaryit.
Schir let your Barrouns do the best they can,
Sum of our dochtours I dreed fa be miscaryit.

Correct. My Lord, your complaint is richt reasonabill,
And richt fa to your dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

P. 179. Wanting in the Play.
P. 180. At the end of this scene not less than ten
pages are omitted. Play, p. 112.

[Heir fall Diligence convoy the Thrie Clarks.

Dilig.
Dilig. Sir, I have brocht unto your excellence
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And in the scuillis in Latine tong can teich.
This is ane Doctour of Divinitie;
And thir twa Licents, men of gravitie.
I heir men say thair conversatioun
Is maift in divine contemplatioun.

Doctour. Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie
Mot rest amang this godlie cumpanie!
Heir ar we cunde, as your obedient,
For to fulfill your just commandements;
Quhatever it please your grace us to command,
Sir, it fall be obeyit evin fra hand.

Rex. Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to us all.
Sit doun all thrie, and geif us your counsell.

Correct. Sir, I give yow baith counsil and command
In your office use exercitioun.
First, that ye gar search out, throch all your land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office, after the institutioun
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vacatioun;
Put in thair placis men of gude conditioun.
And this ye do without dilatioun.

Ye ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me send to mak yow supportatioun;
Into the quhilk I fal be diligent.
And quhafaevir beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,

Thay
Thay fal be all despofit incontinent,
And from your presence they fall be dejectit.

Counsell. Begin first at the Spritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can use thair divyne dewetie.
And als I mak yow supplicationoun,
All thay that hes thair offices misusfit,
Of them mak haistie deprivatioun.
Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Correct. Ye are ane Prince of Spritualitie,
How have ye usit your office now let se.

Spi. My lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif ye wald have the feill,
I let yow wit I have it usit weill.
For I tak in my count twyse in the yeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir:
I gat gude payment of my temporal lands,
My buttock-mail, my coattis, and my offrands;
With all that dois perteine my benefice.
Consider now, my lord, gyf I be wyfe.
I dare nocht marye contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may knaw,
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spoufe ane wyfe,
Yit Concubeins I have had four or fyse.
And to my sons I have given rich rewaris;
And all my dochters meryt upon lairds.
I let yow wit my lord I am na fuill,
For quhy? I ryde upon ane amland muill.
Thair is na temporal lord in all the land
That maks sic cheir, I let you understand.
And als, my lord, I gif with gude intentioun
To divers Temporal Lords ane yeirlie pensioun,
To that intent that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang sal plainlie tak my part.
Now have I tould you, sir, on my best ways
How that I have exercit my office.

*Correct*. I weind your office had bene for til preich,
And God's law to the peopill teich.
Quhairfoir weir ye that mytour ye me tell?

*Spir*. I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.

*Corr*. That dois betakin that ye, with gude intent,
Sould teich and preich the Auld and New Testament.

*Spir*. I have ane freir to preich into my place.
Of my office ye heir na mair quhill pasche.

*Chasitie*. My lords, this Abbot and this Priores
Thay scorne thair gods; this is my reason quhy,
Thay beare ane habite of feinyet halines,
And in thair deid thay do the contrary.
For to live chaift thay vow solemnitly;
Bot fra that thay be sikker of their bowis,
Thay live in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay observe their vowis.

*Correct*. Sir Scribe, ye fall at Chasitie's requiest,
Pas and exame yon thrie in gudlie haist.

*Scribe*. Father Abbot, this Counsal bids me speir
How ye have usit your Abbay thay wald heir?
And als thir Kings hes given to me commissioun
Of your office for to mak inquisitioun.
Abbot. Tuiching my office I say to you plainlie,
My monks and I we leif richt easilie;
Thair is na monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair helsum aik.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

Scribe. My lord, how have ye keipt your thrie vows?

Abbot. Indeid richt weill, till I gat hame my bows;
In my abbey when I was fane professer,
Than did I leife as did my predecessour.
My paramour is baith als fat and fair
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I send my sons to Pareis to the scuillis;
I trust in God that they fal be na fuillis.
And all my dochters I have weil providit.
Now judge ye gif my office be weil gydit.

Scribe. Maister Perseone, schaw us gif ye can preich?

Perf. Thocht I preich nocht I can play at the caiche.
I wait thair is nocht ane among you all
Mair ferilie can play at the fute ball;
And for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
Above all Persouns I may beir the pryce.
Our round bonats we mak them now tour nuickit,
Of richt fyne fluiiff, gif yow lift cum and luik it.
Of my office I have declarit to the:
Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.

Scribe. Quhat say ye now, my lady Priores,
How have ye ufit your office can ye ges?
Quhat was the caus ye refusit harbric
To this young luftie ladie, Chastitie?
Priores. I wald have harborit hir with gude intent,
Bot my complexion thairto wald not affent.
I do my office after auld use and woun't.
To your Parliament I will mak na mair count.
Veritie. Now caus sum of your cunning Clarks,
Quhilk ar expert in heavenlie warks.
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie;
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to mak fra hand.
Correct. As ye have said I am content,
To gar sum preich incontinent.
Magister noifter, I ken how ye can teiche
Into the scuill's, and that richt ornaitlie;
I pray yow now that ye wald please to preiche
In Inglisch toung, land folk to edifie.
Doctour. Soverane I fall obey yow humbillie
With ane schort sermon, presentlie in this place;
And schaw the word of God unfeinyeitlie,
And sinceirlie, as God will give me grace.

[Heir fall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say,
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.
Devoir peopill, Sanct Paull the preichour sayis,
The servent luife, and fatherlie pitie,
Quhilk God Almichtie hes schawin mony wayis
To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
Exceeds all luife in earth, fa far that we
May never to God mak recompence conding;
As quha sa lifts to reid the veritie,
In halie scripture he may find this thing.

Sic
Sic Deus dilexit mundum.
Tuiching nathing the great prerogative
Quhilk God to man in his creation lent,
How man of nocht creat superlative
Was to the image of God Omnipotent,
Let us consider that special luif ingest
God had to man, quhen our foir father fell,
Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
Captive from gloir in thirling to the hell.
Quhen Angels fell, their miserabill ruyne
Was never restorit: bot for our miserie
The sun of God, secund person divyne,
In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie;
Syne for our sake great harms suffered he,
In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit;
And at the last ane shameful death deit he,
Betwix twa theis on croce he yeild the spreit.

And quhair an drop of his maift precious blude
Was recompence sufficient and conding
Ane thousand warlds to ransom fra that wod
Infernall feind, Satan; notwithstanding
He luifit us fa, that for our ransoning
He sched furth all the blude of his bodie;
Riven, rent, and fair wondir, quhair he did hing,
Nailed on the croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

O cruel death, be the the venemous
Dragon, the Devill infernall lost his pray;
Be the the stinkand, mirk, contagious,
Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.
Lindsay's

Be thè the port of Paradice alway
Was patent maid unto the heavin sa hie,
Opinnit to man, and maid ane reddie way
To gloir eternal with the Trinitie.

And yit for all this luife incomparabill
God askis no rewarid fra us againe,
Bot luife for luife : in this command bot fabill
Conteinit ar allhalie the lawis ten,
Baith all and new, and commandiments everilkane.
Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clime up to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.

Diliges Dominum tuum, Deum tuum, ex toto corde tuo,
et proximum tuum sicut teipsum; in his duobus
mandatis, &c.

The first step suithlie of this ledder is
To luife thy God, as the fountaine and well
Of luife and grace : and the secund, I wis,
To luife thy nichbour as thou luisis thi fell.
Quba tynis ane step of thir twa gais to hell,
Bot he repents, and turne to Christ anone,
Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
Bears in effect this wordis everie one.

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata, &c.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quhaevir did sin
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie;
In covetice, or ony extreme win,
Into sweirnes, or into gluttanie;
Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.—

Perf.
Perf. Now walloway, thinks thou na schame to lie?

I trow the devill a word is trew thou sayis.

Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin,
Quha failyes them man backwart fall in hell.
I wait it is ten thousand mylis, and sevin,
Gif it be na mair I do it upoon thy fell.
Schort leggit men I se, be Bryds bell,
Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene sa wyde;
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell
The Spirituall men hes mister of ane gyde.

Abbot. And I belief that cruikit men and blinde
Sall never get up upon sa hich ane ledder.
By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,
Without God draw me up into ane tedder.
Quhat and I fall, than I will break my bledder.
And I cum thair this day the devill speid me,
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,
Or send me doun gude widcok wingis to flie.

Perf. Cum doun daftart, and gang fell draiff,
I understand nocht quhat thou said;
Thy words war nather corne nor caiff,
I wald thy toung againe war laide.
Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie sin,
I say pryde is bot honestlie;
And covetice of warldlie win
Is bot wisdome, I say for me.
Ire, hardines, and gluttonie,
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude;
The natural sin of lecherie
Is but trew luife; all thir ar gude.
Doctor. God and the Kirk has given command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.
Perf. Bot war thay sin I understand
We men of Kirk wald never use them.
Doctor. I pray the Trinitie
Your faith and charitie to support,
Causand you know the veritie,
That ye your subiects may comfort.
To your prayers, propill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun,
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send
On trespassours to mak punitioun;
Prayand to God from feinds yow defend,
And of your sins to gif yow full remissioun.
I say na mair to God I you commend.

[Heir Diligence styis the Freir roundand to the
Prelats.
Dilig. My lords, I persaye that the Spiritual stait
Be way of deid purpois to mak dehait;
For be the counfall of yon flattrand freir
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on freir.
Licent. Traist ye that thay will be inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?
Dilig. Thay se the Paip with awfull ordinance
Makis weir against the michtie King of France;
Richt sa thay think that Prelats fuld nocht funyie
Be way of deid defend thair patrimonie.
Licent. I pray the, brother, gar me understand
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land.
Dilig. Yea that he did, father, without fail,  
For Christ Jesus was King of Israel.

1st Lic. I grant that Christ was king abuse all kings,  
Bot he mellow never with temporal things;  
As he hes plainlie done declar himself,  
As thou may reid in his hailie Evangell;  
"Birds hes thair nests, and tods hes thair den;  
"Bot Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men,  
"In all this world hes nocht ane penny braid,  
"Quhairon he may repos his heavenlie head.  
Dilig. And is that treu?

Lic. Yes, brother, be Allhallow,  
Christ Jesus had na property, bot the gallows.  
And left nor, quhen he yeildit up the spreit,  
To by himself ane simpill winding scheit.  
Dilig. Christ's successors, I understand,  
Thinks na shame to have temporal land.  
Father, thay have na will, I you assure,  
In this world be indigent and poor.  
Bot, sir, sen ye are callit sapient,  
Declair to me the caus with treu intent  
Quhy that my lustie ladie Veritie  
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this countrie?

Batchelor. Forfuith quhair Prelats uses the counsell  
Of beggand freirs, in mony regioun,  
And thay Prelats with Princis principal,  
The veritie but doubt is trampit doun;  
And Common-weil put to confusioun.  
Gif this be treu to yow I me report,  
Thairfoir, my lords, mak reformation  
Or ye depairt, hairtlie, I yow exhort.

Sirs,
Sirs, Freirs wald never yit, I yow affure,
That ony Prelats usit preiching;
And prelats take on them that cure
Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.

I counsell yow, Sir, &c. p. 181. (Play, p. 122.)
About eight pages omitted. (Play, p. 123.)

The speech of the First Sarjand stands thus in the
Play.

Cum on my Ladie Priores,
We fall leir yow to dance,
And that within ane lytill space,
Ane new pavin of France.

[Heir fall thay spoyle the Priores, and she fall have
ane kirtel of silk under hur habit.

Now, brother, be the masse
Be my judgement I think
This halie Priores
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

Priores. I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie;
It was my freinds greadines
That gart me be ane Priores.
Now hartlie then I warie.
Houbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and days,
Thair hart waits nocht quhat thair mouth says,
The fuith I yow declar.
Makand yow intimation,
To Christis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

Bot
Bot I fall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun.
Mariage, be my opiouin,
It is better Religioun
As to be Freir or Nun.

Flat. Freir. My Lordis for Gods saik let nocht hang me.

To Johnie the Common-weill. (P. p. i25.)

[Heir sal the Kings and the Temporal Stait round
togider.

Correct. With the advice of King Humanitie
Heir I determine with rype advysement,
That all thir Prelats fall deprivit be;
And be decreit of this present Parliament
That thir thre cunning Clarkis sapient
Immediatlie thair places fall posse,
Becaus that thay have bene sa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.

Rex Hum. As ye have said but doubt it fall be done;
Pas to and mak this interchainging sone.

[The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie Prelats,
and says.

Wantonn. My lords, we pray you to be patient,
For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spirit. I mak ane vow to God and ye us handill,
Ye fall be curft and graggit with buik and candil;
Syne we fall pas unto the Paip, and pleinyie,
And to the devill of hell condemne this meinyie.
LINDSAY'S

For quhy? Sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

[Heir fall they spuiye them with silence, and put their habits on the thrie Clark's.

Merchant. We marvell of yow, paintit sepulturis,
That was sa bauld for to accept sic curis,
With glorious habite rydand upon your muillis;
Now men may se ye are bot verie fuillis.

Spir. We say the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we,
That us promovit to sa greit digniitie.

Abbot. Thair is ane thousand in the Kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out:
Now, brother, fen it may na better be,
Let us ga soup with Sensualitie.

[Spir. Madam, I pray yow mak us thrie gude cheir,
We cure nocht to remaine with yow all yeir.

Sensual. Pas fra us fuillis; be him that has us wrocht
Ye ludge nocht heir, becaus I knaw yow nocht.

Spir. Sir Covetice, will ye also misken me?
I wait richt weill ye wil baith gif and lend me.
Speid hand my freind, spair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thousand crowns out of my box.

Covet. Quhairfoir, Sir fuill, gif you ane thousand crowns?
Ga hence, ye seime to be thrie very louns.

Spir. I se nocht els, brother, withoutin saill
Bot this fals world is turnit top ouir taill.
Sen all is vaine that is under the lift,
To win our meat we man make uther schift;

With
With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full fair we want baith drink and meat.

_Perf._ Gif with our labour we man us defend,
Then let us gang quhair we war never kend.

_Sprit._ I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abusit,
For by thair counfal I have bene confusit;
Thay gart me trow it suffysit, alace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

_Abbot._ Alace, this reformatioun I may warie,
For I have yit twa dochtirs for till marie;
And they are baith contracit, be the rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher gude.

_Perf._ The devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
For I am young, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

[The Bishop, Abbot, Perfone, and Priores, depairts altogeder.

_Gude Couns._ Or ye depairt, sir, of this regioun, &c.
here p. 197, 198. (Play, p. 127, 128.)

_And Commoun Weill be tirrandis frampit downe._

[Paufe.

The Speech of Common Weal, p. 198. is given in the Play to Correction, and is thus continued.

Now Maisters, ye fall heir incontinent,
At great leyfour, in your presence proclamit
The Nobill Actis of our Parliament,
Of quhilks we neid nocht to be aschamit.
Cum heir, Trumpet, and found your warning tone
That every man may knaw quhat we have done.
LINDSAY'S

[Heir fall Diligence, with the Scribe, and the Trumpet, pass to the pulpit, and proclame the Acts.
The First Act.

It is devysit be thir prudent Kings,
Correction, and King Humanitie,
That thair Leigs, induring all their ringis,
With the avyce of the Estaitis Thrie,
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The Kirk of Christ, and his religioun,
Without dissimulance or hypocritis,
Under the pain of their punitiou.

2. Als thay will that the Acts honorabil',
Maid be our Prince in the last Parliament,
Because thay ar baith gude and profitabill,
Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till observe, with unfeinyeit intent.
Quha disobeyis inobedientlie
Be thair lawis, but doubt they fall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin fall underly.

3. And als, the Common-weil for til advance,
It is statute that all the temporal lands
Be set in few, efter the forme of France,
Till verteous men, that labours with thair hands,
Refonabillie restricrit with sic bands,
That thay do service nevertheless.
And to be subject ay under the wands;
That riches may with policie increas.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devysit,
Gif lords hold under thair dominioun
Theifs, quhairthroc puir peopil bene supprisit;
For tham thay fail make answair to the crow."
And to the puir mak restitution,
Without thay put them in the judges hands,
For thair default to suffer punition;
Sa that na theisis remaine within thair lands.

5. To that intent that justice sould increas,
It is concludit in this parliament,
That into Elgin, or into Innerneedis,
Sall be ane fute of Clarkis sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent President,
To do justice in all the Norther Airtis
Sa equallie without impediment,
That thay neid nocht seik justice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That justice may be done continuallie,
All the matters of Scotland, mair and les,
To thir twa famous saits perpetuallie
Sal be directit, becaus men feis plainlie *
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
Till common-weis nor yit to the glorie
Of Christis Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.

And als that fragill ardour feminine
Will nocht be misset in Christis Religioun,
Thair wits usit till ane better fyne,
For common-weis of all this regioun,
Ilk Senature for that erectioun,
For the uphalding of thair gravitie,
Sall have fyve hundreth mark of pensioun,
And also bot twa † fall their nummer be.

* Here seems a defect.
† Of Edinburgh, and of the North.
Into the North faxteine fall thair remaine;
Saxtein richt fa in our maist famous toun
Of Edinburgh, to serve our Soveraine,
Chosen without partiall afflictioun
Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun;
Thair Chancellor chosen of ane famous Clark,
Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
And for his pensioun have ane thousand mark.

7. It is devysit in this Parliament,
From this day furth na mater Temporall,
(Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,)
Cum befoir Judges Consistoriall,
Qhilk hes bene fa prolixt and partiall
To the great hurt of the communities
Let Temporall men seik Judges Temporall,
And Spiritual men to Spiritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
Expert in the Halie Scripture, and cunning,
And that thay be of gude conditioun,
Of publick vices but suspioun;
And qualefiet nicht prudentlie to preich
To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun,
Or ellis in famous scuillis for to teich.

9. Als becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant preists, ma than ane legioun,
Qhail-throca of teichours the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit in ilk regioun,
Thairfoir our Court has made provioun
That na Bishops mak teichours in tyme cumming.
Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preistheid quaiefeit and cunning,
Siclyke as ye se, in the borrows town,
Ane tailyeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown;
He man gang till his prenteschip againe.
Bishops ould nocht resslave (methink certaine)
Into the Kirk, except ane cunning Clark:
Ane idiot preist Esay compaireth plaine
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth se na Prelats pretend,
Under the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane commend,
Againe the kow * becaus it dois offence:
Till ony Priest we think sufficience
Ane benefice, far to serve God withall.
Twa Prelacies fall na man have from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent Counsall has concludit,
Sa that our baly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth thay sal be cleane denudit
Baith of corf-present, cow, and umest claiith;
To puri commons becaus it hath done skaith.
And mairover we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thence furth thay fall want thair hyrald-hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
Ilk Bishop, Minister, Priour, and Person,

* law ?
To the effect they may tak better tent
To faulis under their dominioun,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Bischope in his Dioceu fall remaine;
And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine.

13. Becaus that clarks our substance dois confume
For bilis and proces of thair prelacies,
Thairfoir thair fall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbishopecies.
As for the rest na money gais at all,
For the increffing of thair dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.

14. Considering that our Priests, for the maist part,
Thay want the gift of Chastitie we fe,
Cupido hes fa perft them throch the hart,
We grant them licence and frie libertie *
That thay may have fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
And fa keip matrimoniall chastitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt fa hes done conclude
From this day forth our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With bastard bairns of Stait Spirituall.
Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie fall.
Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
From thyne subject thay fal be, and all
Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie;

* A line wanting.
And from among the Nobils cancellate,
Unto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the civill magistrate.
And fa fall marie the Spiritualitie;
Bishops with Bishops fall mak affinitie,
Abbots and Priors with the Priores,
As Bishop Anhas in Scripture we may se,
Maryit his dochter on Bishop Caiphas.
Now have ye heard the Acts honorabill
Devysit in this present Parliament;
To Common-weill we think agreabill
All faithfull folk fouled heirof be content,
Them till observe with hartlie trew intent,
I wait nane will against our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutos band, the potent prince of hell.

[Heir fall Pauper cum befoir the King and say.

Pauper. I gif yow my braid benesfoun,
That has givin Common Weill a gown;
I wald nocht for aue pair of plackis
Ye had nocht maid thir nobill Acts.
I pray to God, and sweet Sainct Geill,
To gif yow grace to use them weill;
Wer thay weill keipit I understand
It war great honour to Scotland;
It had bene als gude ye had sleipir,
As to mak acts and be nocht keipit.

Now I befeik yow for all-hallowis, &c. p. 185. Play,
P. 133.

Minute
Minute Corrections, and Variations.

Page Lin.

23. NUNTIUS—Play, Diligence.
24. 8. for gleeris, read elder.
46. 9. for mot, read mot keip.
52. 5. for thame, read him.
53. 1. for Cruevin meus, read trewker mens.
56. 14. Go east about the nether mill; probably a variation between the representations at Coupar and at Edinburgh.
57. The same stanzas occur p. 134.
61. line last, wald not—that wald not cut.
62. 3. for elly read chyre.
  5. for siveir, read sweir.
63. 3. for caffald, read scaffold.
  5. prete—pert,
65. 8. the word wanting is umefl.
66. 12. ganan—ganar.
68. 1. pen. The line wanting is,
    Black Bullinger, and Melanchthon.
    1. last, crode—cude.
69. 17 Makameillis—Makonnals.
74. 6. read Upoun Dame Flechters midding.
78. 15. for fenyeie, read senyeie.
80. 5. for blude, read blinde.
  6. for the gammis read thy gammis.
Page. Line.
84. 3. Found read Fond.
86. 4. hyt—byte.
91. 1. antepen. for hay read hag.
98. 23. for fran read Fran; for ipam, Hispan.
— 24. for Vallances read Vallones.
— 25. for eulfum read epulum.
103. 8. Stormesleid be feiny—Coffit on sea ay fen.
104. 3. for wound, read wind.
105. 5. frody—frelie.
106. 9. for howbirdis read bawbirdis.
107. 1. en. for now, read my deir.
110. 5. read, This is ane coull of Tullielum.
— 6. porteris—portouns. A MS note explains it
  "portaffe or mass-book," portitorium.
— after line 14 insert,
  "Quhen lords ar heldin at the yet.
119. 1. For mony a craft, Sir, do I can.
— 17. Drunken—Dansklin, (Dantzic.)
— 21. for Engling read Rugland.
126. 12. berdit mowch—lyart beard.
133. 3. for cewratouris read creatouris.
— 16. fl, read fal.
147. 12. face—licht.
150. 7. for at, read with.
62. 8. POVERTIE—PAUPER; and so on being the
  PuIR man of Int. III.
163. 13. senjours—cuitchours.
Vol. II. T Page
Page. Line.
164. 11. for peprall, read peggall.
177. 5. read Micht I him get to Ervis durris.
   — 12. Stouder—Strother.
   — 16. read, To get my Lord Lindsay's brown Johnet.
      (Jennet).
178. 4. The line wanting is
   I besik yow my brother deir,
      Bot half &c.
181. 1. antepen. inbind—invaerd.
   — line laß, for rewle, read cowle.
183. 7. for Kings habite, read Freirs habite.
184. 8. fleand—steimde.
187.  After line 1. insert,
   All ye misdoars and transgressouris.
190. 5. for Cowpar toun, read Clappertoun.
   — 17. This line deleted, probably to avoid offence, and is thus supplied,
      For wanting of your wonted grace.
191.  line laß, for ye, read thay.
193. 2. coubroun—curtil.
   — 12. for my, read his.
   — 20. for beremeris, read feremeris.
Page. Line.
193. 22. *for* and eir, *read* our deir.
— 27. gudlynis—gudlingis.
194. 6. cairteleis—canteleinis.
195. *After line 10. insert,*

Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie.

196. 9. *for* wyvis *read* lyvis, *and insert,*

Let never priests be hamlie with your wyvis.

197. 2. rubratour—rubyatour.
— 24. *for* his hes bene, *read* he hes bene fa; *and add,*

That he is baith cauld, naikit, and disgyfit.

END OF VOL. II.